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[MADAME LAMBERT REPENTS.]

ELLEN LAMBERT'S TWENTY YEARS.

By M. T. CALDER.

CHAPTER VII.

Love takes as many shapes as Proteus does.
Taming the lion into gentleness. *Old Play.*

The sable-hung room was lighted, and Madame Lambert came in and took that high seat of hers the moment Kent Forsay crossed the threshold. He saw that she was in an unwontedly excited mood, by the fierce glitter of her eyes, but more especially by the red spots on her cheeks. He perceived also that she had decked herself in extra finery for the occasion, for she wore a rich velvet robe, and, besides the necklace and ear-rings, had massive bracelets over the lace undersleeve, which partly concealed the skinny arm, and the yellow bony fingers were covered with rings, flashing with every movement into rainbow tints, from emerald, sapphire, ruby, and diamond.

Simultaneously with this observation, Kent Forsay made a new discovery. The panel next the Nemesis had been filled, during his absence, with a picture which thrilled his heart anew with mingled horror and terror of this strange woman, who sat upright before him, never moving her eyes from his face.

"Yes," said she, in a cold, cruel voice, as if answering a remark of his, "I have a new picture. It is ten years since I gave the order for it, and I have sent back two attempts as too poor conceptions of the subject. This one, which arrived this afternoon, suits me. How do you like it?"

"Like it?" repeated Kent Forsay, his voice quivering. "I do not see how there can be a word to express its effect. I think it is terrible."

"It pleases me very much," rejoined Madame Lambert, coolly.

Kent Forsay's eyes were still held by the picture. The scene was a death-chamber, around whose bed clustered a weeping group, with faces hidden from sight. There were but two things, however, you saw, in looking at the picture—that dying woman's face, so full of horror and anguish, of wild terror, as her filmy blue eyes turned to the stern figure, just apparently entered upon the scene, and that figure itself with its upraised hand, its fierce, exulting, revengeful eyes, and menacing lips—it was Nemesis again, come to plant a new thorn even in a breast heaving with its last gasp.

What a fierce light glowed and burnt on her face as Madame Lambert watched the young man's eyes blench and turn away!

"Well," said she, "it is a pity you are not pleased with it. I have been sitting before it ever since it was placed there, admiring the artist's faithful genius, enjoying its associations."

"No, no, Madame Lambert, not enjoying it. I cannot believe that," exclaimed Kent Forsay, impetuously; "do not compel me to believe it of one who has been so kind and beneficent towards me. You cannot be so hard-hearted, Madame Lambert."

She smiled ironically, and then in a low, deep tone of concentrated bitterness she repeated:

"Unto children's children! That is nothing to what we shall yet see. Let it pass, my conscience is my own. Those who have known me ever since I was Madame Lambert, and there are but few of them left, can tell you that, when I once set out upon a purpose, I accomplish it, and never, never relinquish it. But we have other things than pictures to talk about. You have been a long time away this afternoon."

"I have. I carried a fine young lad who was hurt at White's office to his home," answered Kent Forsay, "and I remained a little time with his very interesting family."

"Such a remarkably interesting family that I should like to hear about them," observed Madame Lambert, drily.

"I will try if indeed her heart be all flint," he

thought. "I will do my best to move her compassion." And he answered aloud:

"In the first place, the young fellow was in a great deal of trouble, because he was turned away from his employment."

"He felt it, did he?" questioned Madame Lambert, turning a superb ruby restlessly on a finger which still bore the crimson marks of the fire.

"Indeed he did, and not on his own account so much as for the sake of the more helpless ones dependent on him. I should judge the poor fellow's earnings were all that supported the family."

"And they are taken away now!" exclaimed Madame Lambert, making no attempt to conceal the exultation of her tone.

Kent Forsay gave her an honest glance of indignation as he went on. "And then, to crown his misfortune, he slipped and fell, dislocating his ankle. Poor fellow! it was a touching sight when his young sisters, terrified and distressed, came rushing out to learn the nature of the accident!"

He paused, to look at his listener, who was leaning forward eagerly, her strange eyes fixed upon his.

"Go on, go on," said she, impatiently, "I am listening, I do not lose a word. Tell me all you saw."

"I saw a fine, interesting family, struggling against a heavy and undeserved burden. My heart bled for them as I noticed the brave attempts, made to ward off poverty, and for all I know, actual want. I honoured and respected every one of them, and I cannot, I will not believe that you will refuse to have compassion upon them, Madame Lambert."

She scarcely seemed to notice this personal appeal but demanded, impatiently:

"Tell me the rest. Every word! how they looked what they said. The father,—he was a fine strong man,—of course he came out to bring his boy into the house."

What deadly sarcasm in the tone!

"You know that he has a poor, paralyzed body, and a broken mind," said Kent Forsay, sternly.

She laughed wildly, and then her tone had more deadly malignity, as she continued:

"And the mother. She had her mother's baby face. Their identity seems as one to me. Does she keep her cheeks pink now, and her eyes so blue with audacious vanity? Does she show off her graceful figure as coquettishly as ever?"

Kent Forsay thought of the gentle-faced, sweet-voiced, loving-eyed lady in the easy-chair, and recalled the transparent cheek, the thin white hands, and the frequent cough, and sighed, as he returned: "She is an invalid. I should say consumption will soon take her away from them."

"Ah! she coughs then, of course. Do you think she is aware of her doom?"

"I cannot say. She looked as bright and cheery as a sunbeam, and I could see that she was the cherished idol of the family."

An ugly frown crept over Madame Lambert's forehead. She put up the skinny fingers, glittering with their gems, and tugged at the costly necklace, which sparkled around her sallow neck, as if it choked her.

For a moment there was silence. Madame Lambert broke it with a sharp, abrupt voice:

"This lad, will he be ill long, laid up by his accident?"

"I am afraid so. Still he will have good care, and that may work wonders."

"They cannot afford a surgeon's attendance," replied she, shortly.

"I beg your pardon, madam; the doctor looked after him at the factory, and I charged him to attend him faithfully. I sent for him, and I shall settle his fees!"

It cost Kent Forsay a little effort to speak the words firmly. He knew very well a storm would break upon him, but he was not prepared for the frenzy of passion which blazed in her eyes, and fanned from the thin lips which were curled in such direful vindictiveness.

She started up from her chair, and shook her gaunt hand in his face, while she gasped:

"Idiot! How dare you tempt your own ruin? How dare you excite my wrath? Don't you know that I can crush whatever comes in my path, as I can annihilate this poor fly?"

As she spoke, the hand she raised fell down fiercely upon a fly, crawling slowly across the table, and she brushed the crushed atom contemptuously to the floor.

Was it the weird effect of the strange surroundings, the tinge imparted by the solemn-looking candles, that made her face look so livid, her eyes so wild and inhuman, like a maddened beast's?

Instinctively the young man drew back from her. She smiled, but so horribly, that his heart stood still, not precisely with fear, but with intense distress.

"Ha, you too are afraid! Take care! It was your greatest charm for me that you did not cringe, and cover like the rest! Beware of exciting my contempt, for hatred will come after it."

Kent Forsay rose from his seat, in turn growing angry, and entirely losing his former awe and trepidation.

"I think, madame," said he, "I will retire. It is neither to my honour, nor yours, that I should stay here to listen to such language. If you prefer to select another person to execute your wishes, I certainly shall not demur. You have but to send me word to my room to leave the house to-night, and I shall obey." As he said this, he bowed, half sternly, half deprecatingly, and was leaving the room. She did not hinder him, but flung herself back in the chair, beating the empty air with hands hideous in their jewelled mockery. He paused for a moment, not able to tell whether it was a physical spasm or a pitiful tempest of rage, and then slowly retreated, taking care to send Maria up to her mistress.

Two hours later, as he sat, rather uneasily and gloomily, in the library, the door was pushed open, and Madame Lambert came gliding in.

She had put off the black velvet, and for a wonder all the jewels likewise. A handkerchief of lace was tied carelessly about her throat, and a ruffle of the same material edged the wrist of the gray silk dress, falling almost entirely over her hands. Her face was somewhat pale, and her eyes had lost their fierce glitter. A sort of shadowy pensiveness indeed made them almost gentle, and a meek, deprecating smile was on her lips.

She came up directly to the young man's chair, and laid her hand on his shoulder as she said:

"Kent Forsay, have a little compassion upon me. You have heard of deserts, empty wastes of dead sand, which know nothing of change, except the tossing of the deadly simoom, the fiercer burning of the sun, the arid blight of the dewless air. And if, for some one doomed to such a life, there should unexpectedly rise a tiny oasis where verdure beautified, and flowers blossomed, and a fountain bubbled, would you drive them out of it? Tell me, would you, Kent Forsay?"

The tone in which she spoke was more wonderful in its magic than her words. If he had closed his eyes, and listened, he would have been positive some pale-faced, dove-eyed, angel-hearted woman pleaded in its melodious pathos.

He could not help it, his anger and indignation fell away from him. Something in his heart responded to that despairing, imploring cry in her voice, a soft mist crept into his eyes, and he answered:

"What would you have of me, Madame Lambert?"

"That you will not be too angry with me, that you will not leave me. I am a wild, fierce creature. Heaven knows I should be the last to deny it. Everybody hates and fears me. I, alas! fear no one, but hate all. With your appearance I find a new hope. It is indeed a fountain in a desert to find a friend, some one to smile upon, to help and bless, not to curse, and sneer at. Remember what it must be for a heart, fierce in its impetuosity, but warm and boundless in its generous affection, to have had all its gladness, beauty, and hope stamped out beneath a pitiless foot, as it was with me, years and years since. But the years have only stamped the wrong more deeply. It burns and burns in my heart, and it is that which has scorched the blood, and shrivelled the flesh. You have given me a new life, because I saw there was something in your nature which responded, or pleaded for me. It was so sweet to find one human being ready to deal fairly and affectionately with me, to have one person in this house of whom I had no suspicion. Even now, though you angered me so, I could not resent it upon the person, only upon the action. Let us settle the matter now. Promise me you will stay with me."

Still standing, she leaned over him, and smiled wistfully into his face. What magic was there in her voice, her air, her words, that made him forget her repulsive looks, her hideous deformities of disposition, her cruel nature?

She fascinated him anew.

"To be sure," said he, smiling. "I am ready to stay. I thought it would be you who would send me away. Pray do not stand all this time, Madame Lambert. Take this easy-chair."

He drew the chair forward, and Madame Lambert accepted it.

"Now then," said she, graciously, "let us settle the business. I find that it would be more convenient for me to pay you your salary at the end of the year, and to prevent any inconvenience to you, you shall have unlimited credit with my tradespeople, the wine merchant's, anywhere in fact your necessities require, and the bills shall come to me. At the end of the year the surplus shall go into the bank, and then I shall make sure of your being in a prosperous way. Do you agree to this?"

"Why not?" answered Kent Forsay, carelessly, not entirely unsuspecting of the plot to rob his pockets of loose spending money, and thus prevent the indulgence of his charity.

Madame Lambert nodded her satisfaction at his consent.

"And," said she, "supposing we understand also that this unpleasant subject shall be tabooed in future. We are perhaps unlikely to make any change in each other's sentiments. If you have anything you wish to tell, I will hear it, but we will take it for granted, that neither of us shall be able to move the other by any appeal. And this shall be the seal of our bargain."

As she spoke she drew from her pocket a massive ring with a shield set in mosaic, representing a pair of clasped hands. It was evidently a very costly gem of art.

Kent Forsay put it on his finger with a simple "Thank you!" He could scarcely explain to himself how a sudden dumbness seized him, nor why the costly trinket seemed a fetter.

Madame Lambert presently rose and retired to her chamber. As the flush of excitement died off her face, Kent Forsay saw how haggard and worn it looked. These paroxysms of rage left their mark behind. He could not help wondering how many such would wear out the iron frame. He went out himself at an early hour, stumbling over Mat Rigby, as he emerged from the library door.

"Eaves-dropping! I'll swear!" muttered Kent Forsay.

The watchman never lifted his eyes, but coldly proceeded on his way. He had been helping John close the shutters, and had his little night lantern swinging upon his arm.

It was a long time before Kent Forsay could calm his mind enough to woo slumber, and when at last he slept, he was troubled and harassed by perplexing and vexatious dreams.

From one of them he started up, lifting his head from the pillow, and staring around him wildly, the damp drops of perspiration trickling down his face.

The night was fine, and he had left the curtains looped away from the window at the foot of the bed, and the starlight showed the outlines of all the objects in the room. Returning at once to the full possession of his senses, it was not the remembrance of the dream—which had shown him a skeleton, decked in Madame Lambert's jewels, threatening to strangle Nina Claxton—which made his heart give one wild throb, and then stand still. But it was the instantaneous consciousness that there was some one in the room. For a moment he was inclined to resist the mysterious impression, but upon turning his eyes cautiously from one side to the other, he perceived that the door leading into the hall was open. He could see through the aperture the great arched window of the corridor. That assurance was enough, for he was positive that he had closed it, when he retired. He waited a moment, noiselessly raising his head, to command a view of the whole room. Ah! what was that figure beside the great chair, blending with its outline, and yet distinctive? Before he could move, or speak, it turned, and gliding through the open door, vanished across the hall.

The spell which had held him dumb was dissolved, and Kent Forsay leaped from the couch, rushed from the room, and dashed into the great hall, with its ghostly shadows from carved figures in the great niches between the pillars. All was utter silence and solitude. The trembling star-beams stealing through the panes left a faint line of light on the tessellated floor, reaching to the very top of the stairs. No one but himself was there. No other door was open. He caught his breath a little nervously, went back to his room, struck a taper, and examined the condition of the apartment. The clothing he had removed hung on the easy-chair. He examined the pockets. His pocket-book was safe, and a hasty glance showed him its bank-notes undisturbed. The few trinkets he wore, which, however, were costly and unique, were all there. With the taper in his hand, he took another survey of the hall, but with no better satisfaction. He came back, locking the door, much perplexed, but very positive of the correctness of his impression, that some one had visited his chamber. But who? And for what object?

Resolved to make further investigations, he dressed himself, took the taper, and went down stairs as quietly as possible. What if really the long-dreaded burglars were in the house? It was certainly his duty to look after the watchman. He went, therefore, as swiftly and quietly as possible to the little sitting-room, which he had been given to understand was Mat Rigby's post of observation. The night lantern was there, upon the table, and its light showed him a vacant room.

Where was Mat Rigby? He went on into the kitchen—silence and solitude there also.

"Humph! a pretty watchman!" muttered Kent Forsay, and hurried back to the hall. Mat Rigby was just descending the stairs. Strange, stolid, imperturbable creature! He was strongly inclined to shake him, when he answered in his listless, apathetic way to his hasty demand to know what he was doing there.

"I heard a noise up-stairs. I went to see what it meant. It was you, I suppose."

Kent Forsay refrained from explaining his own motives for walking about the house at midnight, and returned to his bed by no means satisfied, or in the least enlightened. The next afternoon he went leisurely down to the bank to present his draft, and, arriving there, took out his pocket-book, and was confounded to find the draft missing. His astonishment was by no means allayed when he was informed that it had already been presented, and the money paid to a stranger. He did not answer a single word to the cashier's glance of alarm and anxious inquiries, but walked back to Greyllope, up into his own chamber, and sitting down there, and folding his arms, he said, aloud:

"It is Mat Rigby, to obtain funds, and satisfy his queer resentment against a stranger. I will know before I have done with this place."

CHAPTER VIII.

CARMINE DAVENAL's white lips shiveringly whispered a prayer for help, as she stood powerless there between the poor old man and the gaping jaws of the mad dog. Help was coming; she knew it by the hoarse shouting, but what would it avail? A single movement and her doom might be sealed.

Suddenly, above the shouting on the path below, she heard a sternly controlled voice say commandingly:

"Turn your head away! for your life do not stir an inch!"

Even then, in that hour of intense suspense and

deadly peril, she recognized the voice, and a glad trust and content sprang up in her heart.

She obeyed silently, clasping her hands across her dumb and scarcely beating heart. The deafening report came. The dog fell down at her very feet, his blood bespattering her dress. The same instant she heard hasty strides, and strong arms seized her, and leaped with her to the shore. She was put down hastily, and the old man transferred from the boat to her side. She held out both her hands. No star had ever shone for him one half so brightly as the glance of those dark eyes. The pallor of the cheeks gained swift relief from the lovely carmine which might well have given her her name.

"My preserver!" said she, "a second time my preserver! Did you fall from the skies, or rise up from the depths of these clear waters? But it matters little since you are here, and once again have saved me from a horrible fate."

His grave, melancholy face was glorified by a heart-glad smile. He did not tell her he had been electrified by the sight of her face in the carriage passing along the river road. He gave no hint of the intense longing to speak again with her, which had tempted him to follow, behind the carriage, on a fleet horse—to linger in the neighbourhood of the lake—to watch with breathless attention the affecting scene in the boat—to hang entranced on every look and gesture of hers, himself shrouded from sight by the clustering vines, which threw their leafy screen from the branches of a low tree. He told nothing of this, but only said simply:

"It was a blessed chance which sent me into this neighbourhood; which prompted me to linger by the water, and it will be a source of lifelong thanksgiving that, when I left home, I put that pistol in my pocket."

"Your home—" repeated she, with an animated glow spreading over her countenance. "Is it in this vicinity?"

The grave look came back to his face, and he shook his head.

"I have no home, now, I had no right to use the word. We often speak carelessly from force of habit, do we not?"

"Then your hopes are not yet realized. You are still in trouble?" she said, slowly. "I was in hopes you were ready for me to change that sombre cross for the diamond crown. You wear the ring yet, I see."

He smiled down upon it.

"I do. I keep it with me always. I cannot thank you enough for it. It is strength, hope, encouragement to me, and something else, better, and beyond."

"What can be better than these?" asked she, curiously.

He looked at her hesitatingly, opened his lips, and then shaking his head, as if at his own temerity, closed them again.

"What else does the ring bring to you?" persisted she.

The men from the farm, looking for the mad dog, came breaking through the underwood at this juncture, shouting and hallooing.

The young man turned to the girl, and said hastily, as he moved forward to meet them:

"Miss Davenal, the ring brings to me your image."

He was gone before she had opportunity to reply, but she stood there covered with blushes.

"Who is he, my dear?" asked the old gentleman briskly, recovering a little from the bewilderment of these exciting events.

"I thought you said you had no friend. A lover is worth a dozen relatives, if only he be noble and true-hearted. And this seems like a very good and amiable young man."

She could not help laughing.

"Dear sir, you are mistaken. I have seen the gentleman but once before, and then he saved me from a danger almost as appalling as this."

"It was frightful," said he, shuddering. "I did not quite understand it, at first. I remember hearing Mr. Day say one of the hounds acted strangely. Well, well. I am thankful my eighty-two years are not to end in such a manner."

"Well, daddy," said the farmer, coming forward, after listening to the young man's explanation, "you've had a narrow escape. I'll be bound you won't be so fond of the boat after this, Daddy Nicholas."

"It is the dog, not the boat, Mr. Day," replied the octogenarian with a humorous twinkle of the eye. "I always told you there were too many on the farm, by half a dozen. I'd be thankful to the young gentleman to practise on a few more of them. He is a good marksman, and you had better improve the opportunity to obtain his skill."

"This fright I've had makes me think you are right. My heart was in my mouth when I saw him dashing over the fields to the house. I thought of the good wife and the children. And then, when

they told me about you and the lady, I made sure there was no help. But we are well out of it, daddy, well out of it."

"Thanks to heaven first, and to this young gentleman afterwards," observed the old man. Dixon, pale and anxious, was the next to present himself. His mistress assured him of her safety, and the whole party proceeded towards the farmhouse.

Miss Davenal made inquiries of the farmer's wife concerning the old gentleman.

"He is not a relative of yours, I understand. Is he in comfortable circumstances? I should like to leave him some little token of my esteem, but I do not wish to wound his pride," she said.

"No, indeed, madam, he's none of our kin. I don't think the poor man has anybody except the sister who pays us for his board, and between you and me, she must be a cold-hearted creature, for she has never been here once to see him. And we don't even know her name. And he is such a mild-mannered man, too, every one ought to like him," replied the woman.

"What is her name?"

"Indeed, madam, that's what we none of us know. The actions are rather queer, and if it wasn't that he is as innocent as a baby, I should make sure there was something wrong about it. There is a man comes, to make the settlement once a year, but where it is from nobody knows, though John is sure he saw him in the town below, in a fruit shop. I must say they are liberal towards poor old daddy, but how do they know he is treated well? What if we were hard-hearted wretches, and abused him? They would know nothing about it, and I say it is their duty to come and see for themselves, and give him a kind word, from his own, now and then."

"Dear old man!" said Miss Davenal, softly. "I wonder what I could give him that would please him."

"I heard him complaining that the print of his Bible was growing bad for his eyes. Maybe a New Testament in big letters would please him. I notice he don't ever read out of it, unless it be the Psalms."

"Thank you; I will find such a one over in the town. How shall I send it?"

She gave the direction of a provision-house, where her husband carried his garden produce, blushing and courtesying as the lady thrust a bank-note into her own hand, saying:

"And with this you must choose something for yourself, as a little acknowledgment from me for your kindness to him."

And she walked away towards the group around the old gentleman. As she watched him, Miss Davenal fancied there was an uneasy expression upon the face of her hero. She saw that he evaded the honest curiosity of the old farmer, and was anxious to get away. But it did not disturb her confidence in him. She remembered what he had said about working under suspicion and doubt. It occurred to her, however, that it was very strange she should not yet be aware of his name.

She said as much to him presently when he came to make his adieux, though she repented, when she saw the still gloomier cloud which darkened his forehead, and added, hastily:

"Don't tell me, if you prefer not. Then I shall go back to the name by which I always call you, in my thoughts." And she smiled softly, as if the idea pleased her.

"And what may that be, I pray you?" was his hasty inquiry.

"Sir Galahad," replied the girl, promptly, and smiled again.

"Do you think my quest as far off," he asked, sadly, though a flush of pleasure glowed upon his cheek.

"No, no, only that you are as unselfish as you are fearless and brave."

"Thank you," he said, again looking down at the jet cross on his finger, and sighing, softly. "Well, let it be so, since you have named it. Sir Galahad let me be, for you, and may no act of mine tarnish the knightly name! Believe me, Miss Davenal, when the time comes that I am glad and free, successful in my efforts, my duty accomplished, I shall hasten to find you. It will be my first movement. I dare not—I trust that I need not say more. But I shall come to accept from your hands the crown of my life. You shall have my name then."

He raised his melancholy eyes to hers. A man's dignity, as well as a lover's hope, shone there. Carmine Davenal was not too blind to read either. For one moment they stood there in silence, the lips dumb, but those meeting eyes speaking a language more eloquent than any audible words. Then the girl reached out her hand, with a slow, dreamy, but beautiful smile.

"Sir Galahad, when you come, you shall find your Sangreal waiting."

Sir Galahad bent suddenly, and touched his lips to the fair white hand.

"An angel will indeed bestow it upon me," said he. "No gloom will be dark to me, wherein such a star of hope is shining."

"Good bye," said Carmine, the great dark eyes drooping before his fervent gaze. "Whenever I am in danger or trouble of any sort that a deliverer can avert, I shall expect to see you rise up beside me, though I were on the mid ocean, or in the heart of the Great Desert."

A proud glad light shone on the grave face.

"I think if you called, even with all that distance between us, I should hear, and fly to your relief."

And Miss Davenal presently took her place in the carriage, and leaving the little farmhouse in a flutter of pleased regret, rode slowly, in the gathering twilight, towards the town.

A horseman followed behind the carriage, not near enough to attract observation, but still without losing sight of it, until in the bright moonlight he saw it turn down the broad street which led to the hotel. Then he went off in another direction. Half an hour afterwards, Mat Rigby, who was sauntering in his stupid, lazy fashion before the hotel, was saluted by a hasty whisper:

"Mat, Mat Rigby, look here!"

The man turned slowly, and faced the evil, sinister countenance of Varimont.

"Good evening, sir; do you want me? Has Madame Lambert been sending for me? It is not time, for half an hour yet, for my watch to begin."

"No, no, she don't want you. It's my own business. Do you want to earn something a little extra, Mat?"

Mat pulled at his frizzly locks, and made an awkward bow.

"No objections at all, sir."

"Look here, then. There's a lady, with a pretty turn-out, a low carriage, with a pair of bays, stopping at the hotel. She's been away somewhere to-day, and, if I ain't mistaken, a young fellow on horseback had an appointment with her. I saw him, with my own eyes, following behind. Look him up for me, Mat, and find out what the lady does to-morrow, and where she goes. You'll have nothing to do all day, and can be around in the stables as well as not. See what you can do with her coachman. If you find out anything worth my while, I shan't mind giving you a sovereign; eh, Mat, that's an inducement?"

"I should think it was, Mr. Varimont. I'll be here, for sure. I have none too many of them, that's positive."

"A stupid clown like that can often pick up more information than a keener-witted fellow," soliloquized Varimont, as he left the courtyard.

The stupid clown looked after him, and shook his fist, fiercely.

"You ——" muttered he, "greedy vulture, what have you to do with an innocent dove? Do you think I will betray her into your clutches?"

And he took his way towards Greyelode, trying vainly to solve the mystery of Varimont's interest in the beautiful lady who was a guest at the hotel. Once he met a lithe young figure passing lightly along, whistling a cheerful air. Mat Rigby pulled up his old coat, bent still farther into the appearance of decrepitude, and passed on. As the youth carelessly disappeared around a corner, Madame Lambert's watchman stopped short, looking after him.

His breath came hoarsely, as if some deep emotion choked him. His head dropped low upon his breast, as though weighed down by some heavy burden, and once he half stretched out his arms, to call back the retreating figure. They fell, however, limp and nerveless.

"What matter?" murmured Mat Rigby. "Heaven sees and knows, and time reveals all things. I can bear their sorrow, even their scorn, so that I am sure I shall save them from harder trials."

CHAPTER IX.

It may be naturally inferred that Kent Forsay looked forward with keen interest to his next interview with Madame Lambert. The young man flattered himself that he should be able to read the expression of her eyes, which were always the most expressive feature of her singularly repulsive countenance. He might, however, as well have endeavoured to read from the unchanging face of the sphinx. She sent for him at the usual hour, and gave a few directions concerning repairs in one of her houses, and the ejectment of a delinquent tenant. Then she went back to their last discussion.

"And now, I think it is settled, Kent Forsay, that we are to keep the peace and be friends," she said.

He looked up quickly and earnestly into her face. "Madame Lambert," said he, "do you know that there are thieves in your house? I lost my draft from my pocket, last night."

"He meant to startle her into betraying her real emotions, but there was not so much as a quiver of the muscles."

"Young men are proverbially careless," said she presently, in a tone of annoyance. "I am sorry that you are not to be an exception. I beg you will be more particular with my papers. Where did you have it last?"

"In my pocket-book, in my pocket, when I retired last night. This morning it was gone."

"She looked immensely relieved, as if some personal loss had been averted."

"Nonsense! A thief wouldn't stop for a paper, when by walking into my room he might have obtained gold itself. You'll find it in your boot. I believe that is the usual rule. Tell Maria to look the room over. A thief in Greyslope! preposterous!"

"Nevertheless a thief was there, last night!" persisted Kent Forsay.

"Don't be over-positive. You will be crestfallen when Maria brings you the draft from some stupid place where you have dropped it."

"My dear Madame Lambert, the draft has been presented, and cashed," answered he.

"Was it genuine surprise that made her start up, and turn towards him so vehemently? For all his fancied shrewdness and penetration, Kent Forsay was obliged to confess to himself that he could not tell."

"Why didn't you say so, at once? What can I do to help you in the matter? You may take whatever measures you choose. You are positive that your draft was in your possession, last night, when you retired. What hour did you see it last?"

"Some time in the afternoon, when I endorsed it." "But you were out the early part of the evening. The draft was left behind, of course."

"No, it was in my pocket-book, and that, of course, was in my pocket. I did not take it out after I left the fruiterer's."

"And you saw it on your return, in the pocket-book?"

"Why, no, of course not," returned he, a little testily; "I did not look at it again. But it was there, in my pocket-book, and that was all the time in my pocket. No one touched it until the night."

"I suspect a lawyer would acquit this house on your own evidence," said Madame Lambert, shaking her head slowly. "I must acknowledge I am greatly relieved. You dropped it in that shop, and some one was fortunate enough to find it. I would go, if I were you, and try to identify every one who was there through the afternoon. Did you get a description of the person who presented the draft at the bank?"

"He watched her keenly. Oh, for the power to look behind that mask, and seize upon the truth!"

"Let it pass," said he. "I shall make no stir about it. Such things come to light some time or other. I can wait."

"Perhaps it is as well. Meantime if there were any special object for which you needed the money, let me see that you obtain it just the same. You have not told me yet if it were a large or small amount."

"Only a trifle to one who has such an income as yours," returned he, "but a fortune for anyone in want."

"Which you are not, so we will not grieve. Ah," added she, looking down at his supple, shapely fingers, which were working off the excitement he would not allow other manifestation. "So you still wear the ring I gave you. I forgot to tell you the legend connected with it. It was made in Florence, in lovely, flower-wreathed, sunshine-steeped Florence, by a half-crazed artist in those costly gossamer. He wrought another like it; he always made these rings in pairs, and he would never part with them both to the same customer. He held a queer sort of incantation over them. He pretended that he endowed them with a supernatural spell, and he sent them forth with the fierce, passionate blessing of his poor, fevered heart, to win and bring together a pair of true lovers, and people began to have a sort of superstitious belief in their power. At all events you can test it, Kent Forsay, for somewhere in the world there is another ring, the mate of yours, and if you chance to see it on the hand of a fair woman, be sure you have met your destiny."

(To be continued.)

VEUVIUS.—Vesuvius has been doing grand things. Such a long-continued intense eruption is not on record. On the nights of the 10th to the 14th March, the spectacle was very sublime. The intensity of the fire was so great as to penetrate and relight the blackened walls at the top of the mountain, so that the entire summit of Vesuvius was one solid mass of burning fire. At times light clouds swept across the column of burning stones, cutting it in two, yet far above it rose the missiles, so large that they could be individualized, even at Naples. This

display was preceded by tremendous thunderings, which shook the strongest nerves. At present it seems as if the well-known observatory must be destroyed.

THE SCIENCE OF MEDICINE.—After a close examination of the statistics given by the disciples of Hahnemann, it became clear to the present author that the old system of medicine had done positive harm to everyone who had indulged in it, and that on striking a sort of debtor and creditor balance in favour of and against doctoring, it appeared that the world would, in the main, have done better without physicians than with them; antimony has killed its thousands, and mercury its tens of thousands. Now all this has happened because neither doctor nor patient knew what was likely to occur if people were just let alone—with nothing more than intelligent nursing and ordinary care.—*Thomas Inman, M.D.*

SCIENCE.

HEAT OF FUSION.—The melting point of metals and fusible silicates is lower than usually stated. Wedgewood's pyrometer and other similar measuring instruments have been found to be quite unreliable, remarks the *New York Tribune*, for high temperatures. Herr C. Sching has shown, by the application of the thermo-electric pyrometer, that the temperature of a glass furnace in operation is only from 1,100 deg. to 1,250 deg. Centigrade. Crystal glass becomes completely liquid at 929 deg. C., and is worked at 893 deg. A Bohemian glass tube softens at 769 deg., and becomes liquid at 1,052 deg. C. Pure limestone loses its carbonic acid by heating for several hours at 617 deg. to 675 deg. C. The gas can be driven off more rapidly by increasing the temperature.

TEST FOR FIXED AND VOLATILE OILS.—Several years ago M. Rousseau, of France, discovered that olive oil, the feeblest conductor of electricity, when mixed with one hundredth of its volume of oil of poppies, increased the number of vibrations of a magnetic needle in a given time, when the same was made to form parts of an electric current. Mr. Warner, an English experimenter, has enlarged the field thus opened, and shows that difference of resistance will show the purity of oils. He gives a table of resistances of volatile and fixed oils, and as turpentine and alcohol are the principal adulterants of volatile oils, and as the former has an immense resistance and that of the latter is enormously lower than any of them, the variation in the deflector, compared with that given in the tables, will detect, and show the extent of adulteration.

DISCOVERIES OF ROCK-SALT NEAR BERLIN.—A few weeks ago, as the workmen were boring for an artesian well at a place called Sperenberg, near the Berlin and Gorkitz Railway, in Prussia, they unexpectedly struck a bed of rock-salt at rather more than 300 feet below the surface. The samples brought up are quite white and clean, and a chemical analysis has demonstrated their great purity, being perfectly free from any admixture of sodium, potassium, or magnesia. At Stassfurt, another place in Prussia, where rock-salt was discovered last year, a stratum of kali-soda overlies the bed of salt, whilst at Schönebeck, also in Prussia, it lies under the salt. It is therefore considered by no means improbable, according to the *Grocer*, that these mineral salts, which are now so much used in agriculture and various industrial manufactures, may still be found at Sperenberg at a greater depth than has been hitherto reached; this will soon be decided, as the boring operations are being carried on with spirit and energy. The workmen have penetrated the bed of rock-salt to the depth of 85 feet without any indications of arriving at its lowest stratum. Under all circumstances, the owner of the ground may be thankful for his fortunate discovery; for, being situated close to a railway, he can supply the inhabitants of Berlin with salt at a very cheap rate.

THE CARTER AND EDWARDS RIFLE.—The officers of the Small Arms Select Sub-committee of Woolwich Arsenal recently carried out a series of trials of the Carter and Edwards .316 bore breech-loading rifle. This was fired a total of 118 rounds, charged with the new Boxer cartridges, consisting of 75 grains of compressed powder and a bullet weighing 410 grains. The diagram of the several targets was tolerably good, and was as follows:—No. 1, 274; No. 2, 377; No. 3, 271; and No. 4, 275. The test for accuracy and mechanism having been completed, the committee proceeded to the back of the range and witnessed a test of rapid firing from the weapon, when 20 rounds were fired in 58 seconds by Sergeant Bott. This was pronounced by Colonel Fletcher very satisfactory, and this was succeeded by 10 rounds steady firing, as from the ranks. The committee then proposed filling the muzzle and

breech of the rifle with fine sand, similar to that with which the troops are frequently assailed on their march in India. The barrel and breech-piece were then thoroughly smothered, and three rounds of ball cartridge were fired at repeated intervals with complete success, after which the weapon was handed to Private Cross, Royal Marines, who obtained 20 rounds in 49 seconds. The committee were then desirous of testing its power of endurance, and lashing the rifle to a temporary rest, with the assistance of a dozen yards of line, so as to admit the riflemen within the shelter of a brick wall in case of accident, the weapon was fired with six rounds of damaged and imperfect cartridges, which, from the facility they afforded for the escape of gas, made the trial more than ordinarily severe. This also was successful, and terminated the trials.

THE NEW ANÆSTHETIC (?)

A VERY opportune discussion took place recently at the Medical Society of London, on the so-called anæsthetic nitrous oxide gas. A question on the subject addressed to the President, Dr. Richardson, whose authority on such a point cannot be questioned, drew from him a clear and careful summary of its action.

It was painful, he remarked, to see the childish excitement with which nitrous oxide and its effects had recently been dwelt on. The gas had been treated as an unknown, wonderful, and perfectly harmless agent; whereas, in simple fact, it was one of the best known, least wonderful, and most dangerous of all the substances that had been applied for the production of general anæsthesia.

No substance had been physiologically studied with greater scientific zeal or more rigid accuracy; and no substance had been more deservedly given up as unfit and unsafe for use. It had caused death in the human subject, and on animals it was so fatal that with the utmost delicacy in its use, it was a critical task thoroughly to narcotize an animal with the gas without actually destroying life. In some cases, also, animals died after recovering from the insensibility.

Respecting the mode of action of the nitrous oxide, Dr. Richardson explained that it was not, in the true sense, the agent that caused the insensibility. It acted indirectly, and the immediate stupor was really carbonic acid. In fact, nitrous oxide is an asphyxiating agent. There are two explanations of this. It may be that the nitrous oxide quickens the oxidation of blood, and so causes accumulation of carbonic acid in the blood; or it may be—and this is most probable—that it acts by checking the outward diffusion of carbonic acid. The vapour density of nitrous oxide and of carbonic acid is the same—namely, 22, taking hydrogen as unity; and as diffusion of gases into the blood and out of it is governed by the same laws as in ordinary diffusion, to make an animal breathe nitrous oxide is virtually equivalent to making it breathe carbonic acid itself, the diffusion of carbonic acid being so determinately impeded. The living phenomena were also in character; the arterial blood was rendered venous by nitrous oxide; the animal temperature fell; the skin became livid. And although these symptoms might be induced many times without actually destroying life, they could not be sustained without certain disaster.

Dr. Sansom followed in nearly the same strain. In speaking out thus boldly to a professional audience, Dr. Richardson has not spoken a moment too soon. The *ad captandum* method of applying the most potent medicinal agents against the teachings of scientific experiment and the experience of accepted observers, is a phase in physic which requires to be put down with a strong hand. Administration of nitrous oxide, or laughing gas, as it is commonly called, is becoming a pastime for amateurs. We hope these few and timely words will prevent a catastrophe. If they fail, the fault or neglect will not rest with us.

CHANGES IN THE GULF STREAM.—While many have amused themselves with speculations about the cause of the late earthquakes and violent elemental disturbances in the West Indies, we are all likely to be made aware, before long, of some of their apparent results. Since these occurrences the current of the Gulf Stream has been observed to have nearly doubled in velocity, not only increasing the dangers of navigation among the islands and off the Florida Keys, even for steam vessels, but awakening apprehensions of still greater and more important general changes. The climatic effect of this huge hot water stream along the North European and American coasts is rarely realized. But the fact that the British Isles are in the same latitude with icy Labrador, will show what it does for our cousins, and suggest what terrible changes might be brought about by a shift in the direction of its current—which might as easily take place as increase of its velocity.



[QUIT BUT DEEP.]

MICHELDEVER.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. WINGATE moved leisurely up the winding avenue which led to the entrance of Mr. Willard's residence. The house was gleaming with lights, and the parlours redolent of flowers. Vases were filled with them; rustic baskets, which overflowed with them, were suspended from every available spot, and the summer air was heavy with their fragrance.

Mr. Wingate was the first guest to arrive, for which he was not sorry, as he wished to gain a few moments alone with the daughter of the host before she was absorbed with her duties as hostess.

Mr. Willard, a slender, gray-haired man, with a cold, proud face, pallid from recent illness, was sitting in the portico, enjoying the still, summer night. He courteously received the young man, and after the usual discussion of the state of the weather was over, he said:

"My daughter is in the conservatory, I believe, Robert. She told me if you came early to send you in there; she wishes to ask you when you last heard from— But never mind—she will explain herself," and the frown that gathered on the brow of the speaker showed that he was annoyed at the proposed subject of conversation.

"Thank you, sir. I am glad to have an opportunity to speak in private with Miss Agnes a few moments," replied the young man, as he arose and entered the house.

He walked quietly through the long parlours, illuminated by a cut glass chandelier, the light through the glass lamp-shades as soft as that of the summer moon.

Beyond lay the conservatory, filled with gorgeous tropical plants, arranged with an artistic eye for effect.

A grape-vine, in full foliage, was trained over the glass roof, from which rich clusters of fruit hung; the flower-stands descended in regular gradation, filled with blooming plants of rare beauty, and in perfect order; not a dead leaf nor a drooping blossom was to be seen.

At the farthest end of this avenue of fragrance and beauty was a marble basin wreathed with water-lilies, and from the white cup of each one flowed a tiny stream of clear water, which kept the reservoir always filled to the brim. Gold and silver fish darted to and fro, their bright scales glittering in the softened light of innumerable Chinese lanterns suspended among the foliage of the plants.

Near this fountain stood the young girl of whom Wingate was in search; and as he looked upon her pale, fair beauty, he thought she was a good representative of Undine, in the floating clouds of white tulle that fell, like spray, around her graceful figure.

Agnes Willard was colourless as a snow-drift, with hair of a light gold shade, bound closely around her small head, and wreathed in a shining coil at the back. A comb, set with pearls, held it in place, from which dropped a spray of delicate white flowers.

Her features were perfectly regular, and to most persons her face was expressionless, for she was usually as impassive as a marble statue. But those who had once seen her eyes light up, knew that beneath that calm exterior lay a world of passion and pride; the first carefully held in subjection—the last patent enough to all; for Miss Willard was considered the laughtiest of women. She had few friends, no intimates, and moved on her way as if supremely indifferent to the possession of either.

Her eyes were large and well set, of a clear gray, veiled by long lashes, a shade darker than her hair. Ordinarily they were only observant; but they could flash with animation when their owner was aroused from her apathetic calm, or scintillate with anger if the repressed passion of her nature was brought into action.

This girl was a riddle to most of those who knew her, for she was always on her guard; never impulsive—rarely confiding. The polished grace of her manner was perfect; her self-control never deserted her in public, though, in the seclusion of her own apartment, she sometimes gave way to paroxysms of wild passion that would have alarmed a looker-on, had one been permitted to witness them.

This day had witnessed such an outburst; but now she was calm enough, and at the sound of approaching footsteps she raised her head, and with a faint smile of welcome, held out her slender hand to Wingate.

He took it for an instant in his own, and was thrilled by its icy touch on that warm evening. After a few commonplace words had been exchanged between them, she said:

"I am glad you came early. Mr. Wingate, for I have an inquiry to make of you. Can you tell me anything of your friend, Walter Thorne? It may seem strange that I should apply to you for information concerning my betrothed, but—but I have not heard from him lately myself, and I am becoming uneasy about him. His letters must have miscarried, for it is now three weeks since I have received one. Do you know where he is at present?"

Without embarrassment, he replied:

"I am glad that I have secured an opportunity to speak with you before the arrival of your other guests. I had a letter from Thorne this afternoon, filled with nonsense; but he has been ill. He has nearly been drowned in a mountain torrent, took a violent cold, and been detained in a farm-house among the wild scenes he is so fond of sketching. He has had a fever, and really I think he was slightly delirious when he wrote; of course he could not venture to address you while his mind was in that unsound state, and that is the reason why you have not heard from him so long."

"Ill! delirious, and probably thrown among a set of ignorant barbarians, who will not know how to attend to him properly," she rapidly said, in a voice that for once forgot its equable calm in the presence of another. "Oh, what can I do to help him? What can be done to bring him back safe to us? Have you told his father this, Mr. Wingate?"

The speaker seemed transfixed. Her eyes burned with a fiery light; a pale flush came over her snowy cheeks, and her lips trembled with emotion. The woman came out of her frosty atmosphere of conventionalism that held her spell-bound, and in that moment Wingate knew the truth. She had not been induced by her father to accept Walter Thorne, as report said; but she herself had willed the contrast to be made, which bound her to that most unstable of men. She loved him—that was plain enough. Loved him as the tigress loves her young.

From that moment he gave up all hope in that quarter for himself, and began to think how he could best serve his inconstant friend. After a pause he said:

"Thorne is not so badly off as you imagine. Fortunately for him, the people he was thrown among are of the better sort. The father had some medical skill, which was used for his benefit, and the daughter nursed him back into health. He is out of danger now, he tells me; but you will doubtless hear from him in a short time yourself."

Mr. Wingate felt that those eyes were fixed full upon his face, and he began to grow nervous beneath their scrutiny. Miss Willard repeated:

"Daughter—there is a woman there, then? Is she young? Did Walter say much of her? She nursed him, too; and—and—Mr. Wingate, you are his friend, and therefore mine—let me see that letter. I entreat it as a favour—nay, I can almost demand it as a right. Have you it about you?"

"No, on my honour; and, indeed, if I had it, I could not venture to show you such a rignarole. I told Colonel Thorne of Walter's illness, and no

doubt he will take measures to get him home as soon as possible. We shall soon have him among us, and the pretty little nurse must give up her patient."

"Pretty! Did he tell you that?" And her voice vibrated with sudden passion. "Could Mr. Thorne really find charms in an ignorant, unformed country girl? But I forget myself. She was kind to him, and, of course, he was grateful."

Warned by the repressed excitement of her voice and manner, Wingate cautiously replied:

"Of course that was all. When his father's letter reaches him, Walter will doubtless come home as soon as possible. By that time his mind will have cleared itself from the fantasies of illness, and he will return to the happiness that awaits him. He is the most fortunate of men, if he only knew it."

Her light eyes flashed a sudden look of angry inquiry upon him, and she defiantly said:

"What do you mean by that?—if he only knew it. Does he not know—does he not understand that—"

She paused, shivered before the revelation of her inner self she was on the eve of making, and relapsed into her usual impassiveness. After a brief silence, Agnes again spoke, in a light tone, in which there was an inflexion of hardness.

"Let us return to the reception room, Mr. Wingate. I hear voices, and other guests have arrived. I will write to Walter again, now that I know he has not been to blame for his long silence. We must have him at home, where he can be properly cared for till he is perfectly recovered."

She passed serenely on to welcome her guests, followed slowly by Wingate, who was muttering to himself:

"By Jove! Walter's getting himself into a mess sure enough! That girl is not going to be jilted without making an awful row about it, proud as she is. Between them, she and Don Furioso will crush him down to the depths if he dares to carry out his present plans. The boy is mad to think of retracting, after things have gone so far."

Other guests were in the lighted rooms; and with her usual moonlight smile and chilling grace, Miss Willard welcomed them. She was accustomed to play the part of hostess, for her mother had been dead many years, and she was undisputed mistress of the house, and also of its master, for Mr. Willard had long since discovered that it was useless to place himself in opposition to the slightest caprice of his quiet, but tenacious daughter.

What she willed she accomplished; and he, who was an autocrat in his bank, was at home a mere puppet in the hands of this fair, haughty-looking girl.

The banker was very fond of her, for she was his only child; but he would have been glad if nature had made her less imperious, and more demonstrative in her affection for himself.

Both father and daughter exerted themselves to make the evening pass off agreeably to their guests; and Wingate could but marvel at the serene grace of Agnes, after the glimpse he had that night obtained into her heart. He came to the wise conclusion, that Walter Thorne was welcome to such happiness as he was likely to find in a union with her, and he felt few regrets that all chance for himself was over. He again thought over the judgment of her he had expressed in his letter to her betrothed.

"Quiet, but deep," he muttered, under his breath. "Yes—I know that now, better than I did before. She'll lead that poor fellow a dance, for she'll marry him whether he will or no. His father will bring him back to his allegiance, by threatening to disinherit him; and this icy woman, with a volcano in her breast, will bind him to her in chains that will hold him fast enough. Goodness! What a fool I am! Here am I pitying Walter for gaining what I so lately thought I should like to possess myself. After all, she is an exquisite creature."

The party broke up at a late hour. There was some good music, charades were played, and altogether it was a success. Wingate took home a pretty, rosy little girl who had just made her *début* in society, and as he listened to her prattle he thought in his heart that Anna Ross would make a far more comfortable companion for every-day life than the high-bred, elegant woman he had been so critically analyzing throughout the evening.

When the last guest had departed, and Miss Willard and her father were left standing on the terrace alone, she turned to him and spoke in a low, even tone:

"Walter has been ill—no very ill that his life must have been in danger, for Mr. Wingate thinks that he was delicious when he last wrote to him. That is why I have not heard from him of late."

"Ah-h!" was the slow reply. "But is it not strange that Thorne should write as soon as he is able to a friend, and not to his betrothed wife? I should not like it if I were you, Agnes."

"Perhaps I do not, but I cannot help myself. You

and his father must find means to bring him back without delay, for I think he is in great danger where he now is."

"The danger must be pretty well passed, if he be able to write at all. What do you apprehend?"

"Everything that is most repulsive to me. Walter is weak and wilful, but I love him, and I do not choose to leave him among people who may take advantage of his impressionable nature to carry out their own plans. Robert Wingate spoke of a girl who has played the part of nurse to him; from what he said, I think it necessary to rescue my betrothed from her arts, before serious mischief arises from them."

The father regarded her with surprise.

"Are you so doubtful of your own power as to fear a rival?"

The fire came into her eyes, and a faint streak of crimson flashed across her white cheeks, as she replied:

"My power is not yet firmly established, but it shall be. I comprehend well enough that Walter submitted to the wishes of his father in forming an engagement with me. Though I understood that clearly, I was not dismayed, for I feel sure that I can win him to myself for ever, if no other woman comes between us."

"And you, with all your pride, are willing to be accepted on such humiliating terms?" exclaimed Mr. Willard, in an excited manner. "I could not have believed this of you, Agnes."

"Nor could I once of myself; but it is so—I love him—does that tell you all? I shall die, or go mad, if Walter Thorne proves false to me. Bring him back to his home and the ties that bind him here, for everything for me is at stake. I will not give him up—I swear it! Is he not my slighted bridegroom? Have I not given him my truth, and with it my heart, my soul, my life? Bring him back, I say, before something happens that will turn my nature to a volcano of raging fire. The very thought that another is near him, ministering to his wants as I alone should, is riving my brain. How I have lived through this evening I do not know, yet I have played my part as quietly as usual. I will go to my room now, but you must act for me to-morrow. Concert measures with Colonel Thorne for bringing Walter back, for he must return as speedily as possible. There is danger to him where he now is."

Mr. Willard shrugged his shoulders. He did not always understand his daughter, but he was rather anxious than otherwise that the marriage which had been arranged for her should not be broken off after things had gone so far. He calmly replied:

"I will see what can be done; but if you intend to be jealous of every woman that comes near Walter, you are making a bad preparation for happiness."

"When we are once married I shall not be jealous. He will then be mine, and I shall know how to win his heart, and hold it too. Good night."

She abruptly turned, entered the house, and ran quickly up the winding stairs that led to her own apartment. A young girl, who acted as her maid, was sleeping beside one of the open windows. Agnes sharply called to her to assist her in unrobing, and she started up with a bewildered, scared expression, and hastened to obey. After a few moments Miss Willard took up her dressing robe, and peremptorily said:

"Wake up, Nettie, before you begin to undo my hair; if you pull it, I shall be angry. Arrange it for the night, and then go. I shall have no farther use for you."

Nettie opened her eyes as widely as possible, but she was too much overcome by sleep to be as careful as usual, and more than once a sharp reprimand was given her by her mistress. Finally the fair Agnes took her long, abundant tresses in her own hands, and said:

"Go to bed, you stupid girl! If you tear my hair in this way again, I shall send you back to your mother."

To this angry threat the somnolent maid replied:

"You won't do that, Miss Agnes, because you promised my mother to keep me, and you can't find anyone else who will bear your temper as I do. I don't get annoyed at nothing, you say, though you know you are aggravating sometimes."

The gray eyes flashed out a glance of lightning, and then their owner laughed softly.

"I believe you are right, Nettie, for of late I have not had much patience with anyone. There—you may go now—I am tired; but I cannot sleep—I wish to think."

The maid was only too happy to be released, and she left the room, carefully closing the door behind her.

When the echo of her steps was no longer audible, Agnes threw herself upon the couch, and abandoned herself to such a tempest of passion, jealousy, and despair, as would have terrified those who knew her best. Tears rained from her eyes, her placid fea-

tures became convulsed and paler than ever, while her small hands clenched till the nails almost buried themselves in the pink palms.

At intervals, words broke from her white lips, and the sound of her voice was so broken and unnatural that it startled even herself.

"How dare he treat me thus. It was bad enough to leave me in the first days of our engagement; but to find interest in another—in a pretty nurse! Fugh! what wretches men are; I cared for none of them till I knew him, and he is all in all to me. He shall never escape me. If his heart have wandered, I will not know it. He shall fulfil his troth to me if I walk through fire to the end. If I cannot make him happy, I can at least repay him for his inconstancy. The world shall never say that I have been left to wear the willow—oh, worse than that—worse than that, for my heart would consume itself in jealous rage, and in my madness I should do something terrible—terrible."

At length, exhausted by the violence of the paroxysm through which she had passed, Agnes arose, tottered to her dressing-table, and took from one of the drawers a small vial, containing a strong sedative, which she was in the habit of using in such crises as this. With unsteady hand, she poured out a larger portion than usual, and, after drinking it, threw herself upon her bed, where she soon fell into a disturbed slumber.

CHAPTER VIII

In the meantime, all was sunshine in the Happy Valley. Thorne continued to recover rapidly, and on the appointed day the carriage came to convey him to the Grange, accompanied by M. Lapierre and his daughter.

Believing the assurances of his guest, that all would be right, the old Frenchman placed no restraint on the association of the young people. He half sighed when he thought how differently things were managed in his own country; but as freedom of intercourse was the custom in the land of his adoption, he gave in to it, and consoled himself with thinking that all was for the best.

The future of his lovely child seemed brightening, and his fears for her welfare would soon be set at rest, by bestowing her in honourable marriage on one who seemed hourly more infatuated by her charms.

The day was bright, with a soft breeze rustling the foliage of the trees, which formed a canopy over the narrow country road that led to the Grange. An iron gate admitted them into the grounds, which were left almost in a state of nature. Lofly trees cast their umbrage over the green turf, and deer raised their branching antlers as the sound of the wheels was heard grating on the gravelled road that led through this sylvan solitude.

At length the house, a square, gray structure, with a long terrace in front, came in sight. It was a fine old place, and the outhouses and servants' quarters were all built in the most substantial manner. The terrace was ornamented with stone urns, in which flowering plants were growing.

Mrs. Courtney was standing on the steps, with her little girl beside her, looking so calm and sensible, that Thorne half doubted if she would permit his love-making to her god-daughter to go on without a full and clear understanding of all that was in store for Claire in the new sphere in which he proposed to place her. The doubt only spurred him on to the completion of his own plans. The sweet madness that filled his own heart had gained such strength, that, by this time, he thought no sacrifice would be too great to enable him to secure the enchanting being who had only too plainly shown him that he was the arbiter of her earthly fate.

Walter Thorne closed his eyes to all that might happen afterwards, never dreaming that a time might come, and at no distant day either, in which he would shrink from the consequences of his own folly, and leave this tender, unprotected girl to bear the heavy burden he was so recklessly preparing for her.

Mrs. Courtney welcomed her guests with the cordial ease characteristic of a well-bred woman. She led the way into a spacious drawing-room, fitted up with taste, and decorated with pictures painted by herself. These had no great merit as works of art, but they were correct both in drawing and colouring; and the artistic eye of Thorne was soon attracted by them.

Mrs. Courtney laughed, and said to him:

"I warned you that I am a dabbler in your art. I have had few opportunities to see good pictures; but I do not intend to vegetate here for ever. Andrew will leave college this autumn, and, when spring opens, I think I shall set out with him on a tour to the Continent. When I can study the great masters, I shall doubtless think of my poor efforts with con-

tempt; but such as they are, they have afforded me occupation and amusement in my lonely life. They have helped me to live through many dreary years.

A shadow flitted over her expressive face, and Thorne politely replied:

"I do not think you will ever find cause to regard those things with disgust, for they possess a merit of their own, I assure you, Mrs. Courtney. Some of the landscapes have a delicacy and beauty of handling and colouring, that would entitle them to a place on the walls of an academy."

"I am happy to hear you say that; but I am afraid that you are only seeking to flatter me. Here is your portfolio, and I have made a copy of the female head I found in it. The face is a very remarkable one, I think. It is fair and delicate, but has a latent fire and will that are wonderful. I fancy the original might be capable of playing the part of a Medea. Is it a portrait, Mr. Thorne?"

With a sudden flush of vexation, he recognized the picture to which she pointed as that of Agnes Willard. The original was a water-colour sketch, elaborately finished, which he had completed just before he set out on his rambling tour. With assumed indifference he took it up, and, critically surveying it, said:

"You must be a close student of the 'human face divine,' Mrs. Courtney. I have known the original of this several years; but the traits you describe never struck me before. The face has a great deal of character in it, in spite of its fair, soft beauty. I merely painted it as a type, for that style is not very attractive to me. I like a dark, bright face, flashing with intelligence, and brightening with smiles," and almost unconsciously he glanced towards Claire, who stood on the opposite side of the room, holding Julia by the hand, and speaking earnestly with her father.

Mrs. Courtney understood the look, and quietly said:

"Yes, I understand that such is your present fancy, but you have had others, and you will have many more yet, before the end comes. As an admirer of beauty in all its forms, you doubtless consider yourself entitled to some immunity; but you must reflect on consequences. Hearts may be broken, and homes made desolate, without any absolute intention of wrong-doing on your part. I hope you understand me, Mr. Thorne?"

"I am sorry to say that I do not, madam. Your words are an enigma to me."

"It is one easily solved, then. You gave me leave to examine your portfolio, and I found there something which leads me to think that you are not so free to follow your own fancies as you induced me to believe the other day."

"What is that, pray?" was the eager inquiry of the young man. Mrs. Courtney opened the portfolio, and significantly pointed to a crayon sketch representing a girl and her lover standing, with clasped hands, beside an altar, on which a flame was rising, clear and high. The face of the girl was dimly outlined, but the man was evidently designed for himself.

Beneath the picture was written, in a delicate, feminine hand, *Si je te perds, je suis perdue.*

He set his teeth an instant, and then laughingly said:

"It is but a fancy sketch, but I can fill in the face now, for I have found my ideal. Do you observe that this outline has no meaning? A few touches will give it life and expression."

He took up a crayon, and with rapid and accurate hand, completed the head into a striking likeness of Claire.

"But the motto was written by a lady's hand," objected Mrs. Courtney, as she watched his progress. "It says a great deal, and I am afraid it was not put there without meaning."

"No, for now it has all the significance I could wish," was the gay response. "The fair friend who wrote those words only anticipated what the future would bring. She expressed my feelings exactly, for if I lose the angel of my life, I shall be lost."

"It evidently referred to the writer herself," and she pointed to the last words.

Thorne calmly bore the scrutiny of her clear eyes, and carelessly replied:

"That could not be, for I never loved the person who wrote those words. I aver it on the word of an honourable man."

"After such an assurance, I cannot doubt your word, Mr. Thorne," was the grave response. "You doubtless think this inquiry uncalled for on my part; but since the future of Claire is concerned, I feel justified in making it. You have triumphed over M. Lapierre's objections, I find, and I am afraid made yourself only too acceptable to his daughter. But I also am entitled to take a deep interest in her fate; and I entreat, if there be any doubt as to her re-

ception in your family, that you will relinquish your pursuit of her before her affections are irrevocably fixed on you. Save yourself from the reproaches of your friends; save her from the humiliation and anguish of becoming the cause of dissension between yourself and those who have the best claim upon you."

With an impatient movement, the lover replied:

"There is but one person in existence who has a claim on my obedience. My father is the only relative I possess, and in a few more days I hope to prove to you, under his own hand, that your fears are groundless. As to myself, you require too much when you ask me to give up the only girl who has ever touched my heart. I adore Claire, and I will dedicate my life to her happiness."

Mrs. Courtney sighed:

"So all lovers think and speak, but I have known few husbands who cared for a wife's tears after the first glamour of passion subsided. You are a very impulsive man, Mr. Thorne, and under the influence of your present feelings you may commit an imprudence that you will regret throughout all your future life. Claire is a very attractive and charming child, but she is little more at present. She has no fortune, and her father is a decayed gentleman, honestly labouring for his own subsistence. If your father be rich, he will probably take a different view of this affair, and refuse his consent to your marriage. If he do so, all must end between you at once."

"I have duly weighed all these considerations," was the prompt reply, "and I feel assured in my own mind that I should risk little in making Claire my wife at once, if that were possible. I shall have enough for both, and you need give yourself no uneasiness as to her future. I shall protect her from harm, and place her in the position she was born to fill."

Mrs. Courtney smiled faintly.

"Claire is scarcely fitted to fill any position yet. She is not yet fifteen, though she looks more mature than that. Her education is incomplete, and if M. Lapierre will consent, I shall take her to France with me, and place her in a school for the next two years."

Thorne looked aghast.

"Two years to be spent away from my darling! Oh, Mrs. Courtney, that is asking too much of me. Persuade M. Lapierre rather to give her to me at once, and she can have masters afterwards. But she is sufficiently educated for me. I love her with all my heart just as she is."

"But your father might not be satisfied with your child-bride, even if you would be. When I bring her back to you an elegant and accomplished woman, you will acknowledge that I am right."

"Perhaps I might; but in the interim I might lose her altogether. No one can tell what may happen in so long a space of time, and I—"

What he might have said farther was prevented by the approach of M. Lapierre and his daughter; and, a few moments afterwards, Mrs. Courtney left the room.

Claire, in her light summer muslin, looked as fresh and fair as the flower whose name was so often given her, and she flushed with surprise and pleasure when her eyes fell on the picture of herself and her lover standing with clasped hands above that expressive motto. With her soft melodious voice she murmured the words to herself, and cast a glance at Thorne that expressed all he could have asked.

He leaned towards her, and in a tone so low that she alone understood his words, said:

"Our destiny is foreshadowed there, my Rose; I drew that form as my ideal wife, but I left the head unfinished until to-day. Now it is complete, and so will our lives be when we stand thus before the altar on which we shall offer the incense of a pure and heartfelt affection."

He had not before spoken so plainly, and the unsophisticated young creature felt as if she were suddenly lifted to the pinnacle of supremest happiness. She sat down, and shaded her face with her hand that he might not see how deeply she was moved; but she said nothing in reply.

M. Lapierre busied himself in examining the contents of the portfolio, and he did not observe the picture Claire still held in her hand. After a careless inspection of the drawings, he curtly said:

"These are well enough in their way, Mr. Thorne, but I scarcely think you could make a living by your talent, if you had nothing else to depend on."

He smiled faintly, for no artist, however humble his pretensions, likes to be so summarily set down among the nobodies of the craft to which he aspires to belong. He said:

"They are not worth much, I suppose, but they possess some value in my eyes. At all events, I shall ever bless the hour that sent me wandering in search of the picturesque."

And an expressive glance at Claire gave point to his words.

"Umph! that's as may be," said M. Lapierre, shrugging his shoulders. "You are a very romantic young man, but the day may come in which you will toss all this rubbish away, and wish you had never used pencil or brush. The illusions of life are around you now, but they cannot last—more's the pity."

"Oh, papa, how can you call these beautiful things rubbish?" exclaimed Claire, in an aggrieved tone. "They are only studies, you know, but when they come to be finished off as pictures are, they will look very different. I am sure they are very lovely in their unfinished state."

"Perhaps they are to your eyes, *petite*, but I have seen the old masters and also the best galleries of modern art to be found in Europe. Mr. Thorne has a very pretty talent with which to amuse his leisure hours, but the divine gift of genius is not his. It is of no consequence either, for a young man of fortune would scarcely give up his time to the severe study and labour necessary to make him a great artist. I trust our young friend here will never be reduced to the necessity of earning a precarious support by means of his pencil."

"Do you really think, sir, that, in such an event, I could not do it?" he asked, in a tone of pique, for he was deeply annoyed at the old man's frank depreciation of his efforts.

"I am quite sure you could not," was the ready response. "Friends may flatter you, as they doubtless have, and eagerly possess themselves of your pictures as souvenirs, but if they were asked for an equivalent for them in hard cash, I scarcely think you would find it pay."

With a constrained laugh, the mortified artist closed the portfolio, and said:

"Thank you for your criticisms, M. Lapierre; they may be useful to me in the future and, at all events, they have taken the conceit out of me for the present. But here is one sketch that I hope you will appreciate, as it foreshadows what I so earnestly wish to come to pass as soon as possible."

The face of M. Lapierre flushed as he looked at the drawing. He slowly said:

"The girl has the face of my daughter, but the form is not hers. This was drawn from a living model, and it was not Claire."

"It is an ideal figure, modelled unconsciously, perhaps, from a very graceful friend of mine, but until to-day it was incomplete. I shall round the figure more symmetrically, and it will then be that of your daughter," replied Thorne as indifferently as he could. "I thought this, at least, would elicit your approbation, but you seem determined to throw cold water on my artistic aspirations."

"By no means. I approve of them as an agreeable means of passing time; I only wish to impress on you that painting can be no resource to you in the future, if you should be so unfortunate as to forfeit the favour of your father. If you have imagined that you can depend on your talents for fame and fortune, the sooner you rid yourself of the delusion the better for yourself and others."

"Dear papa, what a pitiless judge you are!" cried Claire, casting a deprecating look towards her lover.

But Thorne only laughed, and said:

"Your father is quite right, Rose, but he is the first who has ever had the courage to speak so plainly to me. A tour on the Continent may open my eyes still farther to the defects in my style, and I think I shall make one for that purpose. The study of the old masters may enable me to do something worthy of commendation yet."

"Yes; that is all you need, I am sure," was her eager reply.

But the old connoisseur cynically said:

"I have seen mere copyists who aspired to nothing higher in the walks of art, who can do more than you will ever accomplish, Mr. Thorne. I have no wish to be rude or to discourage you, but I earnestly desire you to see for yourself that a struggle for the means of living would end in defeat if you had to depend on your artistic gifts as a means of winning them. You are too much a man of the world, however, to risk poverty, should a choice be offered you between that and the indulgence of your own vagrant fancies. My daughter should not have seen this to-day, sir, for it is an infringement of the compact between you and myself."

He drew from the hand of Claire the sketch which she had taken up again when her father laid it aside, and the smile of tender bashfulness, mingled with rapture, with which she gazed upon it, was exquisitely charming, to the lover at least; he forgave even her father's severe criticisms for the sake of that blush and smile.

She surrendered it with a sigh, and moved away to a distant window, through which she gazed,

without seeing much of the beautiful scene it commanded.

Thorne hurriedly said:

"It signifies very little, M. Lapierre, whether your daughter understands our true position to-day or at the end of another week. My letters must soon be here now, and you will see from their tenor that I have not imperilled my future by losing my heart to the angel of the valley."

M. Lapierre frowned, bit his lip, and impatiently rejoined:

"A promise should be held sacred by a man of honour, Mr. Thorne; I had your word that until all doubts were set at rest, as to the light in which your father will view the disinterested choice you have made, that you would refrain from betraying your sentiments to my child. Since you have failed in this, how can I trust you with what is so vital to me, the future welfare of my darling?"

He felt the justice of the reproof, but he coolly replied:

"You can and will trust me, M. Lapierre, because you know that loving Claire as I do, I shall cherish her as the apple of my eye. If you will recall your own youth, you will understand how impossible it is for me to control every expression of the passion that fills my heart, when near the object that has inspired it. I have not yet asked Rosine to become my wife, because I promised that I would not do so before the replies to my letters arrive; but she is aware that I love her with all my soul, with all my heart, and no one shall come between us to separate us now."

The old man sighed, and faintly smiled, for, after all, he was pleased with the fire of the young lover, and believed him to be perfectly honest in his intentions; perfectly fearless as to the result of his application to his father for his consent to the unworldly marriage he was so eager to make.

(To be continued.)

TALKING AND DOING.

It was the most eloquent lecture of the season, and by one who had gained a high name in the estimation of the public; and the audience listened breathlessly to the glowing thoughts, which, clothed in such beautiful language, fell so melodiously from his tongue.

His theme was love; the connecting link between God and his children, and which, he claimed, should bind in a golden chain their hearts to each other; that charity "that seeketh not her own," "that suffereth long and is kind," and whose broad mantle "covereth a multitude of sins."

And, as the handsome face of the speaker lighted up with the high and holy thoughts to which his lips gave utterance, there were few who gazed upon him but what felt that he was their living and acting embodiment.

There was one sceptic present: an old man, clad in coarse, ill-fitting garments, and whose white hair and beard contrasted oddly with his bronzed face. He sat well back, and yet where he had a good view of the speaker; and there was an occasional curl of his lips as he listened.

Yet, as the orator, warming with his subject, dwelt upon the duty of charity, the holy power of love, even his heart owned the spell of his eloquence, and the doubting, cynical look vanished, giving place to a softer expression.

"Like father, like son," does not always hold good," he muttered. "We shall see, we shall see," and, as the speaker ceased, moved towards the door. He leaned heavily upon a cane, and walked as though one of his limbs was partially disabled.

A cold, drizzling rain was falling; but, though rather unpleasant to the pedestrians, it mattered little to Howard Winn, for whom a covered carriage was waiting.

As he was about to enter it, the old man stepped forward and laid his hand upon his arm.

Mr. Winn glanced carelessly at the coarse, rusty attire.

"I have nothing for you," he said, shaking off the hand roughly. "Stand back or I'll give you in charge of the police."

"You mistake, I only wanted—"

There was neither time nor chance for more; the door of the carriage closed with a sharp clang, and it moved off at a rapid pace.

The old man had his hand on it, and the sudden recoil nearly threw him off his feet; his cane rolled into the gutter, and a sudden gust of wind caused his hat to follow.

As he stood motionless, in mingled perplexity and anger, a hearty, cheerful voice, cried out:

"Hallo! rather rough treatment this. My eloquent cousin had better practise what he preaches. I suppose he thinks that would be too much like a doctor

swallowing his own physic—ha, ha, ha! Excuse my little joke. Here's your hat and cane. Just take my arm, until I can get you where you can stand firm on your pins again. There; now you're all right. Lame, eh?" added the new comer, as he noticed the old man's halting step. "Dear, dear, it's too bad for an old man like you to be begging in the streets on such a night as this. You should go home with me; but the fact is, my house is not only full, but running over."

As the speaker said this, he commenced rummaging his pockets; evidently rather dubious as to the result of his investigations. He was a stoutly-built man, in the prime of life, with a frank, intelligent face, the very personification of kindness and good-humour.

"Ah! thought I wasn't quite run ashore!" he exclaimed gleefully, as he fished up a shilling. "It's all I have," he said, thrusting it into the old man's hand; "but it will buy you a night's lodging. Nay, take it. I am a poor man, but not so badly off as you, for I have a roof to shelter me, thank heaven!"

The old man smiled rather oddly as he looked at the retreating form, and then at the shilling, and thrusting it into his vest pocket, hobbled away.

In the meantime, Howard Winn had reached home; a stylish mansion, in a stylish part of the town. He began to feel the reaction that attends strong excitement, and, as he opened the half door, the wailing cry of a babe jarred harshly on his nerves.

"I believe that child cries out of pure spite," he muttered, as he ascended the stairs, and entered a room where a pale little woman was sitting, holding a baby.

The wife raised her eyes to her husband's face with a wearied look, but received neither smile nor pleasant greeting.

"I hope that child is going to let us sleep a little to-night," he said, crossly, as he proceeded to draw off his boots.

No one would have supposed from the tone in which he spoke that "that child" was in any way related to him, or have recognized the brilliant orator of the evening in that peevish, discontented face.

"Your uncle Lenard is here."

"You don't say so. When did he come?"

"Not long after you left. I told him where you had gone, and he said he was too tired to sit up for you."

"I suppose he has come back to stay now. I really wish I knew how much the old fellow is worth, but he is as close-tongued as he is close-fisted."

"How can you say that, Howard, when he helped you so about your education?"

"What is that paltry sum in comparison to the thousands he has or is supposed to have? And he was careful to tell me that that was only a loan."

"Perhaps he will want it returned now. He spoke about having met with some misfortune, and it may be in his business; he isn't dressed at all like a man in affluent circumstances."

"He'll have to wait, then, I'm afraid."

Here the babe began to cry again.

"What does all that child, Mary?"

"It's his teeth, Howard."

"It's his temper, more like. If he's going to keep up that noise, I wish you'd take him out into the other room, and shut the door. I want to go to sleep."

With a sigh, Mrs. Winn obeyed.

And quite unmindful of his young wife, who walked the room with their suffering babe until the small hours, Howard Winn, whose words on the loveliness of charity at home had thrilled so many hearts, laid his head comfortably upon the pillow, and fell asleep.

"I am glad to find that you are doing so well, Howard," said Mr. Lenard to his nephew, the next morning. "A man ought to have a pretty good income to live in a house like this."

Mr. Winn cast a quick, furtive glance upon the speaker.

"A man in my position has to live in a certain style, uncle; it is expected of him: I do assure you that I often do not know where the next pound is to come from."

"Humph! I don't see anything in your position that should compel you to live beyond your means. I'm sorry that you are in such straitened circumstances, nephew," resumed the old man, glancing keenly around the handsomely furnished room. "As I told your wife, last evening, I've been unfortunate. And then, again, I'm getting to be an old man, and need some one to take care of me; so I made up my mind to come and live with one of my nephews. But I suppose it would be impossible for you to offer me a home?"

"Quite impossible, I'm sorry so to say, uncle."

"And quite as much so, I presume, for you to return me some small portion of the amount I lent you in my prosperous days!"

"At present it would be; but I hope, at no distant day, to be able to repay both principal and interest," replied Mr. Winn, in a bland, softly-modulated voice; for he prided himself in not only always knowing what to say, but how to speak it.

"Humph! Where is your cousin John, now?" "John Underhill? I believe he's living in Green-street, number seven."

"How is he getting along?"

"Well, John is a good-hearted, well-meaning fellow, but he lacks calculation. He has more mouths to feed than one pair of hands can find bread for; half of which haven't the shadow of a claim on him."

"Got a large family, eh?"

"I should rather think he had. There's his wife and six children; his wife's father and mother, and Aunt Betsy, Uncle Dan's widow. And I've lately heard that he's saddled himself with his brother's two orphan boys."

"He mistook me for a beggar last night, and gave me this," said Mr. Lenard, taking the shilling from his vest pocket, carefully wrapped in a bit of paper. "I think I must return it to him in some shape or other."

"Mistook you for a beggar! Ha! ha! ha! Well, that is just like one of cousin John's blunders!"

"You did a good deal worse, young man; you not only took me for a beggar, but knocked my hat and cane into the gutter, nearly sending me after it. I had just been listening to your discourse on the duty of charity and brotherly love! Humph!"

"Was that you, uncle? I beg a thousand pardons! But you see the night was so dark, and you were dressed so differently from what I had ever seen you before. And so you heard my lecture—how did you like it?"

"You talked well," said the old man, drily.

The remainder of the breakfast was discussed in silence, broken only by an occasional remark from Mr. Winn, in regard to "the toughness of the steak," and "the muddiness of the coffee;" and which didn't seem to have a very enlivening effect upon his wife's spirits, who evidently lost what little appetite she had when she came to the table.

Mr. Winn evidently did not consider it worth while to keep up even a show of cordiality for the uncle, who he was convinced was no longer the wealthy man he had so often flattered and courted; so, when he arose to go, he neither pressed him to remain nor invited him to come again.

"Why, Uncle Lenard, is this really you? I am delighted!"

"Yes, nephew John. You see I've met with misfortunes, and am getting along into years; so I thought I would come and see if you had a corner by your hearth for your old uncle."

"To be sure I have. Come right in. Now I do take this to be so kind in you! Been unfortunate, eh? Don't be down-hearted, sir; you shall never want while I have a penny to spare. This is my wife, Polly. Polly, this is Uncle Lenard, who was so kind to me when I was a fatherless boy. And here are grandpa and grandma Dean, Polly's father and mother—nice old people, that you'll be glad to know. And this is Aunt Betsy, Uncle Dan's widow—you remember Uncle Dan. And these are my children, three boys and three girls. Those two in the corner are poor brother Tom's boys; and fine boys they are."

"You seem to have a large family already, nephew; I am really afraid I shall be burthensome."

"Not a bit of it, uncle. My house is like an omnibus—there's always room in it for one more, ha, ha, ha! Excuse my little joke."

And the generous, light-hearted fellow rubbed his hands together gleefully, as if this additional burthen upon his broad, sturdy shoulders was the most delightful thing imaginable.

The holidays were near at hand. Mr. Lenard absented himself so often that John Underhill and his wife began to fear that he did not find his new home so pleasant as they were desirous of making it.

The morning arose clear and beautiful, and Mr. Lenard, who had been absent the night before, drove up to his nephew's door in a large, covered carriage, drawn by a pair of prancing bays.

"It belongs to a friend of mine," he said, as he encountered his nephew's astonished look. "I've borrowed it, for the purpose of taking you all out to ride."

"What, all of us?"

"Yes; every soul of you. Grandpa and grandma

and Aunt Betsy, father, mother, and all the babies! So scramble in."

Large as the carriage was, it was filled to its utmost capacity; three of the boys having to ride on the outside.

The spirited animals drew the carriage swiftly over the smooth, glittering snow, leaving the town far behind.

"What a beautiful place!" exclaimed John, admiringly, as they stopped in front of a fine country residence, such as he had often wished that he possessed, "because it would be such a nice place for the children."

"You will find it as beautiful in-doors as without," said his uncle as he alighted. "Its master is the owner of the carriage, and we are going to dine with him to-day."

Here he cut short all remonstrance by lifting the little ones out, who ran up the gravelled walk to the house, the door of which was opened by a neat-looking domestic, who was evidently expecting them.

Hobbling in front of them, Mr. Lenard ushered the older people into a large, elegantly-furnished room, through which a glowing coal-fire diffused a grateful warmth. Near it were stuffed arm-chairs for the old folks, and disposed around the room sofas and easy-chairs in abundance, but it was some time before they were all seated.

Mr. Lenard looked around upon them with moistened eyes, and his voice was slightly husky as he said:

"My friends, I bid you welcome to my home, and yours. Heaven grant that you may live long to enjoy it! I call it yours, because it is legally his whose generous heart has so long provided for you."

"Mine, uncle?" said John, his ruddy face paling with excess of emotion.

"Yours, my dear boy; you will find the deed of it on yonder table. I told you that I had been unfortunate, and so I have; the breaking of such old bones as mine is no trifling misfortune. But I am still a rich man, and richer far in the love that I have proved to be so warm and unselfish."

Here folding doors were thrown back, disclosing a table for whose various and savoury contents their ride in the sharp, frosty air gave them keen appetites. And certainly no party ever sat down to dinner with lighter and happier hearts.

When Mr. Lenard died, some years after, it was found that he had made his nephew John his sole heir; a circumstance which the poor and needy had no cause to regret, to whom his generous hand was ever open. His all-embracing charity even included Howard Winn, whom he assisted, at various times, out of the difficulties into which his selfish extravagance had plunged him.

"Perhaps he performs his work as well as I do mine," he would say, smiling; "it is the mission of some to talk, and others to do, and cousin Howard, certainly, does talk beautifully." M. G. H.

THE SUN.

AMONG the most striking appearances which the heavens occasionally present, that of total eclipses of the sun, from their rarity and magnitude, are among the most remarkable. In the case of a partial eclipse, the poet may only see the dim religious light of "sunshine sheathed and gently charmed;" but when the darkness of night comes suddenly on, even the most intelligent have confessed to a certain feeling of awe, and granted that there is nothing strange in the terrors which the uncivilized exhibit on such an occasion. The combination of circumstances which produce a total eclipse at any given place are of very rare occurrence; the last one which took place at London was in 1715, and the one previous to it in 1140. Even over a very large part of the globe they are of comparatively rare occurrence; and, during the remainder of the present century, the inhabitants of Europe will only have a chance of seeing four.

In 1870, December 22, one will be visible in the Azores, Southern Spain, Algeria, Sicily, and Turkey. In 1887, August 19, in the N.E. of Spain, Southern Russia, and Central Asia. In 1896, August 9, one will be seen in Greenland, Lapland, and Siberia. The last during the century occurs in 1900, May 28. More eclipses of the sun than of the moon take place in a year in the average proportion of three to two; but the latter are visible wherever the moon is above the horizon, whilst the former only obscure a certain narrow zone of the earth. Total eclipses are distinguished from annular, the sun in the former case being obscured completely by the larger body of the moon, and, under the most advantageous circumstances, may be altogether hid for 7m. 58s. When the moon is farther from the earth than in the latter case, and its diameter less than that of the sun, there will of course be a ring of direct sunlight perceptible

round the moon, and the annular eclipse may remain visible, under the most advantageous circumstances, for 124m.

It might at first sight be imagined that there was little or nothing to be noticed during a total eclipse of the sun, with the exception of the gradual extinction of sunlight; but though it must be confessed that this is the most striking part of the phenomena, yet there are various other circumstances connected with them which have engaged the attention of astronomers, who have made expeditions to various parts of the globe in order to observe them in a satisfactory manner. In regard to the degree of darkness which occurs during a total eclipse, there is great difference of opinion among those who witness it. In 1560 there was a total eclipse, and the chronicles of the time inform us that the darkness was more profound than that of night, and that there was not sufficient light to see to place one foot before the other. In others it is reported that stars were seen in all parts of the sky. In the eclipse of 1706, there were seen with the naked eye Venus, Mercury, Saturn, and Aldebaran, and some others not named; in that of 1715, Halley saw Venus, Mercury, and Capella, and counted twenty-two stars in all. Lionville says that during the latter eclipse it was not light enough to see to read during the totality, although he could distinguish the lines; he could plainly perceive stars of the second magnitude. In the eclipse of 1706 it was noticed that the colour of terrestrial objects was of an orange-yellow, which afterwards passed to a reddish colour; in that of 1715 they appeared livid.

The total eclipse of 1774 was observed by the Spanish Admiral, D'Ulloa, but it does not appear that he noticed any stars. To the eclipses of 1842 and 1851 great attention was paid, and we have fuller accounts of the circumstances attending those than of any previous eclipse. In that of 1842 we read that some persons could only see two or three stars; others counted as many as ten. The light given out by the sun changed the appearances of objects; the countenances of men looked pale and cadaverous; whilst other observers considered that the colour which natural objects presented was similar to that caused by an aurora. At the time of totality, the observer at Lodi describes the colour of the sky to be of a sombre azure violet, which, reflected from the river and lake, gave a leaden light, which inspired terror in the beholders.

Of the effect of the darkness on men and animals we have many accounts. M. Arago noticed a feeling of inquietude in the countenances of the multitude of lookers-on as the darkness increased, the whispers of twenty thousand persons appearing like the distant murmurs of the sea after a tempest. But at the time of totality "the phenomenon, in all its magnificence, triumphed over the petulance of youth, of that flippancy which some men think a sign of superiority, of that noisy indifference which is habitual to the military. A profound calm reigned, and the birds ceased to sing." A little shepherd boy, in the commune of Siôyes, who was in the fields at the time, saw with inquietude the sun's light diminish gradually, and when it was quite extinct, he wept bitterly with fear. But when the light broke out again, the child clapped his hands with joy, and apostrophized "the beautiful sun" in all the transports of delight. Dogs and fowls ran from their food, and sought for shelter; horses and oxen, carrying burdens, lay down on the ground, and though spurred and whipped could not be made to proceed. But coach horses on the road took no more notice of it than a locomotive steam-engine. The effects of the darkness were even noticed in the insect world, and some ants, which were watched during the eclipse, were perceived to halt with their burdens as the darkness thickened.

Bees, which had been roaming about, went into their hives, and did not sally forth until the sun was quite uncovered. Some swallows and pigeons which were flying about the streets of Venice came in collision with the walls, and were picked up in the streets and canals stunned. In the total eclipse of July 28, 1851, Professor Airy cites the darkness as appalling; the sky was of a purple black, and there was not sufficient light to show the figures on the chronometer face, which was read off by means of a lantern. Mercury and Regulus were seen. Alarm was manifested among the cattle and the birds, and a gentleman recognized the evening note of the latter before the eclipse, and the morning one at the reappearance of the sun. Mr. Hind did not think the darkness like that of an ordinary night; the landscape appearing to be overspread with a dark olive tint.

Professor Smyth thought it to be darker than an ordinary night, and Mr. Grey noticed that the swallows which were chasing their prey through the air were strangely discomposed, and that the bees ceased

working. Mr. Carrington had a lantern lit, but found that it was quite needless, as he could read his watch at a glance as it lay at his feet, and the title-page of a book at the distance of three yards. Other observers were likewise able to see to read, whilst Mr. Dawes could not perceive the seconds on his watch, and having dropped his pencil was unable to find it again. After the totality Professor Airy noticed the shadow passing away in the air to S.E., and Mr. Hind likewise witnessed this circumstance.

Such were the appearances presented on the earth, and it will likewise be seen that the sky was by no means as dark as on an ordinary starlight night. Neither did the moon appear as a dark patch on the sombre sky, unsurrounded by sun or sunlight, nor has such been the case in any total eclipse on record, the moon having always been observed to be enveloped by a halo of considerable brightness. So dazzling was the luminous ring surrounding the moon in the eclipses of 1567 and 1605, that they were held by some to be merely annular on that account, but Kepler proved the contrary to be the case, and explained the phenomenon by the very probable hypothesis that the ether in the neighbourhood of the sun was inflamed, or else that the solar beams were refracted towards us by the atmosphere of the moon.

In the eclipse of 1706, Plantade and Clapies observed the moon to be surrounded by a very white light of about three minutes of arc in diameter, which space was actually brilliant throughout, but beyond this the light gradually diminished, though still perceptible at four degrees from the moon's limb. Halley saw the same appearance in the total eclipse of 1715, the breadth of the ring being 1-12th or even 1-10th of the moon's diameter. It was pale in colour, or even of a pearl white, but it nevertheless appeared to be slightly tinged with the prismatic colours; and, though pretty bright, was not strong enough to cast shadows. Lionville, who, like Halley, observed it at London, and who was, perhaps, a more delicate observer, says:—

"The light appeared to be of the colour of silver, and was brightest near the limb of the moon, but gradually shaded off towards its exterior circumference, which was nevertheless very sharply defined. But the corona did not appear equally luminous completely round, as there were several interruptions in its brightness, and it had thus that radiating appearance with which painters surround the heads of saints." He considered that the corona was concentric with the moon, in which circumstance he disagrees with the opinion of Maraldi, who considered that in the eclipse of 1724 the luminous ring did not appear to be encircling the moon, but the sun.

D'Ulloa, in the eclipse of June 24, 1778, estimated the width of the halo to be one-sixth of the diameter of the moon; its interior circumference was red, surrounded by a pale yellow colour, the latter gradually fading away into white. The interior portion was equally brilliant throughout its whole extent. The corona was first visible five or six seconds after the total disappearance of the sun, and was lost sight of about the same interval before emergence. From the corona there parted here and there luminous rays of various lengths, some of which were perceptible till their length was equal to the diameter of the moon. The whole appeared to have a circular motion "similar to that of some descriptions of fireworks." In the eclipse of 1806, Ferrer observed the corona to be as much as six minutes in width, but some of the rays from it extended as far as three degrees of distance, and appeared to proceed from the outermost border of the exterior ring.

THE INTERNATIONAL TELEGRAPH TREATY.—It is officially announced that the British Government has notified its accession to the International Telegraph Treaty of 1865, so far as regards the telegraph lines in the East Indies. The cost of telegrams to India will therefore be reduced by 1l. for 20 words.

DR. GRAY has communicated a letter from Dr. G. Bennett, of Sydney, containing extracts from Australian newspapers, giving an account of a surprising swarm of a moth known under the name of the Bugong, which is eagerly devoured by the natives, and which is a species of the genus *Agrotis*, *A. spina*. They had appeared in September in such vast swarms, that the houses were filled with them, and divine service in the churches had to be suspended. It was mentioned also as a remarkable fact, that the swarms were almost entirely composed of males. A swarm of butterflies of the Australian form of *Cynthia Cardui* had also been observed at sea three hundred miles from land, the vessel being literally covered with them.

BREATHING UNDER ICE.—The musk-rat, whose aquatic habits, and use of the pond, the burrow, and the lodge, affiliate him with the beaver, resorts to a

singular but well-attested expedient to lengthen the period of suspended respiration, which may be mentioned in this connection. When swimming under ice he comes up to its lower surface, and, having expelled the air from his lungs, waits for a moment, and then, after drawing in again the bubbles of air, proceeds on his way. This fact has been confirmed to me by so many different observers that I see no reason to disbelieve its truth. Whether the air, by its contact with the ice, recovered some property of which it had become exhausted, I leave as a question to those capable of its determination. It is claimed that the beaver resorts to the same expedient, but I have not been able to verify the fact.—*Levis H. Morgan.*

STATISTICS.

STATISTICS OF INSANITY.—The return which has been issued by the Poor Law Board giving an account of pauperism in England on 1st July, 1867, shows that at that date there were 41,513 insane persons in receipt of relief from the poor rates, of whom as many as 11,103 were in the workhouses. Four years previously, on 1st July, 1863, the total was only 36,212; the number in both instances being a little below the truth in consequence of the absence of returns from parishes not under Boards of Guardians, containing nearly one per cent. of the population. The increase, more than 14 per cent. in four years, seems large; but many who were formerly regarded as ordinary paupers, and some probably as recently as four years since, are now classed as insane, and the improved treatment of the insane prolongs life. The distribution of the insane is a subject of considerable interest. The return shows the largest proportion of insane paupers in the metropolis, their numbers on 1st July last amounting to 24 per 10,000 of population as enumerated at the census of 1861 (or 21·81 on the estimated population of July, 1867); the south-midland and south-eastern divisions of England come next, with more than 23 insane paupers per 10,000 of census population; then the eastern, south-western, and west-midland divisions, with more than 22 per 10,000; next, the north-midland, with more than 20 per 10,000; and the Welsh, with almost exactly 20. The north presents very different figures. In the north-western division (Lancashire and Cheshire) the ratio is only 17·64 per 10,000, in Yorkshire only 15·96, and in the northern division only 16·15. But that part of the kingdom has a small proportion of its population of all classes upon the rates. The number of paupers of all classes receiving relief on the 1st of July last was as follows:—In the metropolis, 4·50 per cent. of the population as enumerated at the census in 1861; in the south-midland division, 5·79 per cent.; south-eastern, 5·19; eastern, 6·50; south-western, 5·91; west-midland, 4·32; north-midland, 4·17; Welsh, 6·12; north-western, 3·29; Yorkshire, 3·38; northern, 4·26. The insane paupers of England on the 1st of July last were one in 22 of the whole number of paupers. It is hardly necessary to say that the insane in England, or of any class in England, are not one in 22. A very large proportion of the insane paupers are paupers because they are insane, being dragged down by this misfortune into a class to which they did not belong. The Poor Law Board, giving an account of the insane paupers as a body, speak of their pauperism as "ascribable to insanity." In fact, the insane paupers of England, who on the 1st of July last were one to 516 of the estimated population of England, may be taken to comprise the great majority of all the insane in the kingdom. The Lunacy Commissioners report 49,082 insane persons in England on the 1st of January last, which would be one in 434 of the estimated population. There are private cases that do not come under their cognizance; an estimate allowing for these would be confirmed by the report on the Irish census of 1861, which, including the result of an inquiry on this particular, shows the whole number of insane in Ireland one in 411 of the population. It will be understood that in the term "insane" the idiot as well as the lunatic is included.

DRAGON-TREE OF TENERIFF.—The famous Dragon-tree of Orotava has been blown down by a furious gale and wholly destroyed, after having flourished, it is said, for sixty centuries. A storm in 1819 deprived this tree of part of its crown, but now all that remained has become a wreck. Its circumference was about 48 feet, whilst the total height did not exceed 75 feet.

THROWING THE LEAD.—The steamer *Ocean Belle* was going down the Hull River, with a deck-load of pig-lead. As she was steaming near a shallow place the pilot gave the signal for the man forward to throw the lead. It happened that the only man for-

ward was a green Irishman. "Why don't you throw the lead?"—"Is it the lead you want to throw, yer honour? And faith where will I be throwing it?"—"Overboard, you scoundrel!"—Pat took up a pig of lead, and threw it overboard; the mate, endeavouring to prevent him, lost his balance, and fell into the river. The captain ran forward on the hurricane deck, and asked Pat why he did not "throw the lead and sing out how much water there was?"—"Och, pon my sowl, captain, I throwed the lead, and the mate has gone down to see how much water there is!"

IMPORTANCE OF LISTENING WELL.

It seems paradoxical to observe that the art of listening well forms a part of the duty of conversation. To give up the whole of your attention to the person who addresses himself to you is sometimes a heavy task; but it is one which we must pay for the privileges of social life, and an early practice will render it almost an involuntary act of good breeding; whilst consideration for others will give this little sacrifice a merit and a charm of which the lowest proof of Christian feeling can never be devoid.

To listen well is to make an unconscious advancement in the power of conversing. In listening we perceive in what the interest, in what the failure, of others consists. We become, too, aware of our own deficiencies, without having them taught through the medium of humiliation. We find ourselves often more ignorant than we could have supposed possible. We learn, by a very moderate attention to the sort of topics which please, to form a style of our own. The "art of conversation" is an unpleasant phrase. The power of conversing well is least agreeable when it assumes the character of an art. In listening, a well-bred gentleman will gently sympathize with the speaker; or, if needs must be, differ as gently. Much character is shown in the art of listening. Some people appear to be in a violent hurry whilst another speaks; they hasten on the person who addresses them, as one would urge on a horse, with "Yes, yea. Very good. Ah!" Others sit on the full stare, eyes fixed as those of an owl upon the speaker. From others, a loud and long laugh is at intervals produced, and all the company turn round to see what was the cause of the merriment. But all these vices of manner may be avoided by a gentle attention and a certain calm dignity of manner, based upon a reflective mind and humble spirit.

A SHORT time ago a terrific hurricane broke over the town of Compiègne, during which the old tower, known as Joan of Arc's Tower, whence the legend tells us that she issued to the defence of the bridge where she was taken prisoner, fell to the ground with a tremendous crash, which aroused the whole population of the place from their beds.

WAVES.—The rising tide sometimes strikes the shore with a continuous and incredible force. This violent shock is called the surf. The swell then forms a billow, which expands to half a mile. The surf increases as it approaches the coast, when it sometimes attains the height of six or seven yards, forming an overhanging mountain of water, which gradually sinks as it rolls over itself. But this motion is not in reality progressive—it transports no floating body. The surf is very strong at the Isle of Fog, one of the Cape de Verd Islands, in the Indian Ocean, and at Sumatra, where the surf renders it dangerous and sometimes impossible to land on the coast. The winds adding their influence to these causes, give birth on the surface of the sea to waves or billows, which increase rapidly, rising in foaming mountains, rolling, bounding, and breaking one against the other. "In one moment," says Malte-Brun, "the waves seem to carry sea-goddesses on their breasts, which seem to revel amid plays and dances; in the next instant, a tempest rising out of them, seems to be animated by its fury. They seem to swell with passion, and we think we see in them marine monsters which are prepared for war. A strong, constant, and equal wind produces long swelling billows, which, rising on the same line, advance with a uniform movement, one after the other, precipitating themselves upon the coast. Sometimes these billows are suspended by the wind or arrested by some current, thus forming, as it were, a liquid wall. In this position, unhappy is the daring navigator who is subjected to its fury." The highest waves are those which prevail in the offing off the Cape of Good Hope at the period of high tide, under the influence of a strong north-west wind, which has traversed the South Atlantic, pressing its waters towards the Cape. "The billows there lift themselves up in long ridges," says Dr. Maury, "with deep hollows between them. They run high and fast, tossing

their white caps aloft in the air, looking like the green hills of a rolling prairie capped with snow, and chasing each other in sport. Still, their march is stately, and their roll majestic. The scenery among them is grand. Many an Australian-bound trader, after doubling the Cape, finds herself followed for weeks at a time by these magnificent rolling swells, furiously driven and lashed by the 'brave west winds.'" These billows are said to attain the height of thirty, and even forty feet; but no very exact measurement of the height of waves is recorded. One of these mountain waves placed between two ships conceals each of them from the other. In rounding Cape Horn, waves are encountered from twenty to thirty feet high, but in the Channel they rarely exceed the height of nine or ten feet, except when they come in contact with some powerful resisting obstacle. Thus, when billows are dashed violently against the Eddystone Lighthouse, the spray goes right over the building, which stands a hundred and thirty feet above the sea, and falls in torrents on the roof. After the storm of Barbadoes in 1780, some old guns were found on the shore, which had been thrown up from the bottom of the sea by the force of the tempests.—*Louis Figuier.*

GENTLE LEONIE.

CHAPTER I.

It was a fair, smiling night. The moon sailed in unclouded splendour through the heavens; and the few stars which peeped forth were as diamonds of light, to add brilliancy to the regal sway of the queenly monarch of the sky. The soft winds of the summer eve blew gently over the city and its environs, fanning the heated brows of the late pedestrians, who were hurrying to costly palaces or to humble cottage homes. The moon shone down in gentle beams upon the houses, the open courts, and squares, and upon the waters of the Seine, which gleamed and flashed brightly beneath its soft light.

Without, all was pleasantness and cheerfulness; within the Duke d'Aumale's palace home, in the apartment where he and the gentle duchess sat, there was a different appearance. The noble duke—a man with handsome form, and finely cut, but haughty features—paced backwards and forwards the elegantly furnished room. A dark cloud rested upon his brow, and his lips were firmly compressed, while his step was impetuous and rapid. The duchess sat in one of the large, heavily-cushioned oaken chairs. Her face was pale; and there were traces of tears resting upon the soft, long lashes, and in the pure blue eyes.

For the space of ten minutes the angry-browed duke had paced to and fro, bestowing no softening look upon the tear-stricken countenance of his young and tender bride, who had been wedded to him less than twelve months. His heart was hard and bitter towards her. He had imagined he beheld signs of favouritism from the duchess to his secretary, Louis Dagobert; and, with that thought in his heart, he had come into her apartment, and spoken such harsh, bitter words to her, as caused the emotion we have mentioned upon her fair features. Now, again, the duke paused before his wife, and vented his anger and indignation afresh.

"Duchess d'Aumale," he began, "I have witnessed, as you know, your last interview with Louis Dagobert, and I know that you are unworthy of the noble name you bear. I have loved, and trusted you, as no other woman—even as my wife, beloved above everything else on earth; and now, alas! I find that my dream of happiness is over! We have been wedded scarcely twelve months; and in that short space of time, you have forgotten your marriage vows," and the duke looked down upon his wife with harshness and determination marked on his haughtily-lined features.

The young wife raised herself from her chair and threw herself upon her knees before the duke. She attempted to clasp his hands, which were hanging by his side; but he drew them hastily away, and folded them upon his breast, while he gazed moodily down upon her. Her voice was low and tremulous. Her life had just received a heavy shock, so rude and sudden, so hard and heavy, that it almost chilled the life-blood in her veins, and left her tremulous, weak and anguished in her woe. She now clasped her hands together and uplifted them to heaven; while her eyes were raised in token of prayer as she spoke:

"Oh, my husband—Duke d'Aumale—do not condemn me thus! You are mistaken! You know not what you say. There has been no wrong towards you, my noble, proud husband, whom I love better than my life? But, alas for me—and for us both! I perceive that your eyes are cold, your features

firm, and your mouth hard and unyielding! You will not believe me, and condemn me most unjustly!" The duchess's tone was heart-broken, and her countenance hopeless, as she bowed her head upon her hands, and gave vent to her grief in broken sobs and tears.

The Duke d'Aumale spoke again, and there was no softening of his voice. His features were unrelaxed; and his eyes, still cold, gazed down upon the kneeling, slender figure before him, with hardness in their depths.

"Duchess d'Aumale—then, who wert once my best beloved wife, Leonie—I bid thee rise and kneel no more to me. 'Tis well that he has left the country, for France could not hold the same air for us both to breathe—well for his own craven existence, I mean. I might have struck him down, but for my surprise, which made me unable to stir till he had gone; I might follow him to Florence now, and wipe out this insult with his blood, but I do not choose to have my name bruited through Paris, to become a by-word and a jest. But, Duchess d'Aumale, though I do not openly parade your disgrace to the world, we are henceforth more separated than though the broad ocean rolled between us. I will be generous, and not discard you openly; you can retain your away as mistress of this house in the eyes of the world, our guests, and servants; but we shall live as strangers beneath the same roof, and never meet except in the salon and at the table. We are separated in heart, and can never be re-united!" and, with these cold, harsh words, the duke turned from the supplicating figure of his wife, and left the apartment.

The duchess, left alone, breathed out her wretchedness in a prayer to Heaven.

"Tis hard; but Thy will be done! Sustain me under this heavy load of unjust anger—and bring back speedily him who can establish my innocence in the eyes of my beloved lord and husband!"

CHAPTER II.

ONE evening, six months later, a son and heir was born to the Duke d'Aumale.

When this was announced to the nobleman, who sat in his own apartment with mingled emotions of hope and fear within his breast, he gave a sigh of relief, and joy and pride spoke from his dark eyes. For, though the young mother possessed not the love and confidence of their first wedded days, yet he had not witnessed her gentle ways, her quiet, pale face, and the meekness with which she received his studied, freezing courtesy, without being touched and softened by her manner.

Presently the duke rose, left his apartment, and, ascending the staircase, knocked at the door of the chamber where his wife lay.

"No, you must not come in! My lady is sleeping!" whispered the nurse with a very important air, putting her finger on her lips.

"Only a few moments. I will be very quiet, and not disturb her!" he pleaded; so the woman relented, and the duke stood beside the couch of his pale, sleeping wife. He bent down and gently kissed her; then took the child in his arms, with a thrill of paternal pride and joy. Then, giving it back to the nurse, he left the chamber, inwardly determined to be more lenient and tender towards the mother; and so he returned to his library again, proud, pleased and softened.

Time passed on, and the Duchess d'Aumale sat up in her chamber, and toyed with and caressed her boy—the little Leonie—as the duke had expressed a desire to have it named. There was a happier shade upon the lady's features. Her eyes were filled with a softer glow, and her lips were wreathed with smiles, like those she had worn in the early days of her wedded life. The duke was kind and tender towards her. He had taken an interest in her recovery. He played with the child; and she often, of late, felt that his eyes rested upon her face with a return of the old, fond, lover-like gaze which had been within them, when he loved and trusted her so implicitly, before that day when he had spoken such cruel, cold words, and bidden her never look for confidence between them again!

Was the old time to come back to her? Was she yet to stand respected and trusted in his eyes? She almost believed this was coming to pass, as she thought over all the evidences of care and loving affection which surrounded her—the work of the duke, her husband. But, alas! this pleasant dream was of only short duration! Even as she sat there in her luxuriantly furnished apartment upon this fine spring-day, the heavy cloud which had before enveloped her was returning. The Duke d'Aumale entered the room, and, as she looked up at him quickly, thinking still the sweet dream over in her mind, she felt it all dissipated with the fleetness of the dew before the scorching breath of the summer

sun. She sat pale, and trembling; while the duke advanced to her, with a flushed countenance and excited mien. He carried an open letter in his hand, which he thrust into her shrinking fingers, and he spoke in tones so harsh, scornful and withering, that they sent the blood rapidly away from her heart, and she grew pale and faint.

The duke watched his wife's countenance nervously as she read the letter to a close. Then, as she finished, and bowed her head upon her hand a moment in thought, almost forgetful, for the time, of his presence, his rage and jealousy broke forth anew; and, snatching the letter from her hand, he cast it into the open grate, where it was instantly consumed, and fell down, a tiny heap of ashes, upon the hearth.

Then he turned, and cast a look so expressive of scorn, contempt, and rage upon her, that she shrank away in affright—a movement which, to his mind, only seemed to prove her guilt. He could not comprehend how a pale, delicate woman, in feeble health, might shrink from his anger, and yet be as innocent as the child she held. So he bestowed that one withering look, and then turned and left the apartment.

A woman of stronger nerves and temperament would have followed him, and have demanded that he should listen to her explanation, but poor Leonie could not. In that glance she read her doom. There could never be any reconciliation till Louis Dagobert's return should free her lips from the silence imposed upon them. She could not think connectedly; her mind was weak, her body tremulous; and now only one idea presented itself—how to get away from her husband's terrible anger.

She bent over her boy, and said, in a melancholy tone—"We must go away, my baby—you and I. My husband's love is denied me—he does not love you either, my little Leonie—and so we must go away somewhere, where we shall not offend him by our presence." And that night the Duchess d'Aumale, bearing her child in her arms, left her stately home, and passed out into the darkness.

CHAPTER III.

EIGHTEEN years have passed away since the Duchess d'Aumale fled from her home, upon that night when her husband treated her with such withering contempt. In all that period the Duke d'Aumale had never heard of his wife. He had instituted inquiries, and done all that one of his wealth, rank, and influence could do to find traces of the missing wife and child, but all without avail; and at length the duke began to look upon himself as alone in the world, with no wife or child to claim his protection or support. Should we say that he was not sorry his wife had fled from him, we could hardly affirm the truth. He was not so hard-hearted and cold as to wish that the misguided duchess should suffer from the curse of poverty and obscurity, even though he could not love or respect her any longer. The child, too, had borne his own name. That was innocent. He had not a heart of steel, and he wished not that the mother and child should suffer for the necessities of life. So he made inquiries, and endeavoured to find their place of refuge, but all without success. Then the duke himself set out for Italy, to Florence, where Louis Dagobert's letter had been dated from, but found that the latter had left that city, and that he had been alone, without woman or child, while there. Thus the Duke d'Aumale was compelled to return to Paris, and give up the search. But he did this, giving out to the world that the duchess had gone to a distant place to visit a relative, and, in a fit of mental aberration, brought on by her weak state of health, had drowned herself and the child, and the world credited the story.

The Duke d'Aumale had reported this, because he thought the gay world of Paris, in whose fashionable circles he and his lovely wife had moved, would make many inquiries into the sudden disappearance of his wife and child; and now that she was gone, he wished to protect his own noble name from dishonour, and to give to her memory a sacred and tender oblivion. Thus he had coined this story of the death of both the mother and infant, and went about as a mourning husband for a proper season.

Now, after the lapse of eighteen years, we find that we again can lift the curtain, and look upon the duke in the character of a lover. Upon the morning of a bright winter's day, the Duke d'Aumale stood within Count Fontenier's elegant house, and in the library of the latter, made known the subject that had brought him thither. And the count listened favourably to the words of his visitor, which were uttered in noble, courtly tones.

"I have come to request a boon of you, my friend," said the duke, as he took the seat which Count Fontenier had placed for him beside the

glowing grate. "You may, perhaps, say me nay, and I shall then be compelled to return to my lonely home, more solitary and gloomy than ever; but I have come with the determination to make known to you the thoughts and desires which have long been gathering in my heart, and now must be spoken aloud, even though they may be doomed to suffer a cold and chilling blight. I have come to tell you of my affection for your daughter—the beautiful Laure,—and that, with your consent and the lady's favour, I would ask her to become my wife!" The Duke d'Aumale paused, and waited for the count to reply.

But the latter nobleman seemed not to know how to give answer to this suit for his daughter's hand. Evidently he was both surprised and pleased; for his countenance was smiling, though for a moment he did not reply. But the Duke d'Aumale did not wait for words before he again spoke.

"You are astonished, I perceive, that I come to you with the vows which should belong to a more youthful lover, and ask for your daughter's hand in marriage. I know that my years are more than double those of the loved Laure's; but I have hoped, because I have watched her when in society, and knew that she had heart for none of the young nobleman who surrounded her, that she might in time look upon me with a favourable eye, that I might win her heart even, for I should be as gentle and tender as any youthful lover could be. Do you think it could be so, Count Fontenier, my friend? Do you think your daughter could look with favour, if not with deepest love, upon me as a suitor?" And now the nobleman was waiting for the father's reply.

"You have done me honour, Duke d'Aumale, by this unexpected offer for my daughter's hand in marriage. It was so sudden and unanticipated, which must account for the silence with which I greeted it but now. In reply, allow me to say, that I am pleased at your choice of my daughter. There is no husband in all Paris on whom I would more gladly bestow her than your own noble self. She has given her heart to no lover yet; it will be yours in time, and you will prize it the more that it comes to you fresh and young. I give you, then, a favourable reply to the wishes you have just expressed; my daughter is ever dutiful, and will not fail to think with her father in this matter, as in all others," said the Count Fontenier in reply.

"I will seek to become somewhat better acquainted with the lady, before I take her to my home as my bride. It may suit her better, and would also be pleasanter for all. I should not like an unwilling bride; and it might be that your beautiful daughter, Laure, would look with distaste upon a husband who was not like a younger lover, and wooed her smiles before the wedding day. As it is, my heart has outlived my youth, and I find that, though grown old in years, my feelings are yet as young as when I made my first choice of a wife. But you know well how short was my period of wedded happiness; how the Duchess d'Aumale only remained a brief period to make my joy of living more complete. All the years since I have lived a lonely, sad life, within the walls of my palace. But recently my heart has grown young again. I have looked upon your daughter, the lovely lady Laure, and have grown to feel that she can make home bright and attractive to me again; but I would not shock her tender heart by a too sudden marriage. Let her receive me as a suitor first, and then I can, perhaps, find the way more readily to her love," said the Duke d'Aumale, as he made answer to the father of her he sought to win.

"It shall be as you desire, Duke d'Aumale. Your wishes are mine in the matter. I love my child with a parent's fond affection, and I would wish to secure her happiness in this most important affair of life. Her mother gave her to me in dying, with the request that I would be as kind and tender to her as that mother herself could be. I know that, were my own dear Amelia living, she would wish this union cemented between you and our daughter. You were always a favourite with her ladyship; and thus I know she would unite with me in desiring Laure to become your wife—the Duchess d'Aumale of your later years," said Count Fontenier. Then he added, "I should not fear for my child's happiness in your hands. Your life has always been blameless; and I could rest content, knowing that you would do all in your power to cause my dear child happiness."

"Yes; I would never show anything but love and tenderness towards her. She should be as sacredly and carefully guarded as mortal could be on earth by one who loved," replied the duke, rising to depart. Then he added, "I will come again to you, Count Fontenier, when you shall have made your daughter prepared to welcome her suitor. Now I must return home!" and after a mutual parting salutation between the two noblemen, the Duke d'Aumale departed for his own home.

As he walked along he grew sad. Did thoughts of his more youthful wooing come back to him, when



[A HUSBAND'S ACCUSATION.]

he had asked his lost wife, the gentle Leonie, to become his bride? His countenance was sad; it might be so.

CHAPTER IV.

LADY LAURE FONTENIER sat in her delightful little boudoir upon the morning that the Duke d'Aumale made proposals for her hand to her father in the library below. She was seventeen, and very beautiful. Her figure was tall and graceful, and the expression of her countenance gentle and winning. Her hair was dark, and hung in long drooping curls about her sloping shoulders. Her eyes were large and lustrous; and her mouth reminded one of a crimson rose with the dew of the morning yet fresh upon it. Her form was perfect in mould. Her little hand and tapering fingers seemed made for naught but the pretty work about which she was engaged, as she sat upon a low French sofa, and strung the shining pearls which were scattered in her lap upon a golden thread, to wear as a necklace about her fair white throat.

A pretty girl reclined upon a cushion at her feet—the waiting-maid of the beautiful Laure. She was assisting her mistress to gather up the beads which had broken from the golden thread, and to re-string them.

"There, my lady, you have now the last bead; and I think they will not be so unkind as to break again!" exclaimed the maid Lizette, as her mistress took the last pearl from her hand and strung it on the thread.

"No, no, Lizette. I do not think the chain will break again; for this cord is larger and stronger than the last, and, I should say, would hold them securely. There, it is completed! and I will wear it to the *soirée* this evening at the Countess Vounette's. Theresa says that I look charming in pearls; though I have always thought that diamonds best suited my dark hair and eyes," said the beautiful Laure.

"She is right, my lovely mistress; you do look charming in pearls, and in all other ornaments; and all who look on you say that you are the most beautiful and charming lady!" replied the favourite Lizette.

"Oh! you are a sad flatterer, Lizette; and were I to believe all you say, I should grow vain and conceited. But my own good sense tells me that your eyes are prejudiced in my favour, and that I must not credit the talk of your idle tongue," replied the lady.

"When you look in the mirror, my lady, it says to you that my words are true; so that proves that I am not a flatterer. But, now, shall I arrange your

hair for a morning walk? or will my lady have her paints and brushes, and finish the portrait she began yesterday?" asked the maid.

"Go, bring the easel and brushes. I am just in the mood to sketch this morning, Lizette," said the lady.

The pretty Lizette crossed the apartment, and went into an inner room, to re-appear in a few moments, with an easel and paint and brushes, which she cleverly arranged near where her mistress sat. The latter had risen, and now went and stood before the easel, and gazed at the unfinished countenance upon the canvass placed upon it. It was the face of her favourite Lizette, and a correct and life-like counterpart.

"Oh, what a perfect picture. It seems as if I were looking at myself in the mirror!" exclaimed Lizette, as she, too, gazed upon the painting. "Will you finish it this morning, think you? It seems as if there were very little to do to it now."

"That shows how much you have yet to learn, Lizette, about my favourite art," replied Laure Fontenier. "See you not that the eyes are not yet perfect, that the nose is not rightly lined, and that a few more touches are yet wanted to complete the rosy lips and cheeks? But I shall be able to finish it at this morning's sitting, I think; so you can then show it to my father, and obtain his opinion of the likeness to my pretty maid."

"I am ready, my artist mistress. You can make me now as frightful or charming as you please!" and the girl seated herself so that the light from the window would reflect upon her features, while the youthful artist took up her brushes, and began to retouch the canvass before her.

A quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed, and Laure Fontenier worked with rapid hand, when she stepped back from the easel to view the picture with the eye of a critic. Just at this moment the door leading into her boudoir opened, and a servant came in, to say that the count wished to see his daughter in one of the drawing-rooms below.

The young girl hastily laid aside her brushes, bidding her maid wait till she returned, and she would bring her sire with her to criticise the portrait, which might still lack a few touches of completion.

Count Fontenier rose to receive his daughter upon her entrance within the drawing-room, where he sat, awaiting her. He led her to a seat upon a sofa; and then sat down beside her, to make known the proposal which the Duke d'Aumale had made that morning for her hand.

"My dear child," he began, "I have sent for you to speak upon a subject which is very near to my

heart. It is your future marriage and settlement in life. You are young yet, but not too youthful to think upon such subjects. I have, this morning, been visited by the Duke d'Aumale, a most worthy suitor for your hand. I have bidden him hope for your favour. He returned home but a short time since; and I sent for you here that I may tell you my own wishes in the matter—and they are, that you receive the duke, when next he comes here, as your favoured suitor. He is one to make you happy in life, and that is what I most desire in the future destiny of my daughter, who is all that is left to me of my once idolized Amelia," said Count Fontenier.

Laure sat for a few moments without replying. She was more astonished and disconcerted than her sire had been, a little time previous, when the duke asked her hand of him. She sat for a few moments in thought. Then, as she looked up, and saw that her father was awaiting an answer, she spoke:

"I know not what to say, sir. Your words have sounded so strange and new to me. The Duke d'Aumale is advanced in life. He is even your age; how strange it would seem for your child to become his wife. I cannot think of it but as a jest. He surely could not have been in earnest when he spoke of the matter to you."

"The duke was as much in earnest as any lover, be he ever so young, could have been, Laure. He asked permission to address you, as a favoured suitor for your hand; and I gave him permission to do so. He will come soon to visit you, and I wish you to receive him as such; and I know that you will not in this matter disobey your sire," said the count.

"I hardly know what to think of it. I am only a child, while the duke is old enough to be my parent; I think I could not feel the right emotions for him which a wife should bear towards her husband. But if you insist that I shall receive him for a lover, then I will endeavour to obey you, and strive to forget his age," Laure replied.

"This is all that I require, my dear Laure. Only receive the duke as your favoured suitor—your future husband—and he will win your heart by his kindness and attentions. That is all I have to say this morning. You can go back to your room, if you wish," and the count kissed his daughter on the forehead ere she rose to go out from his presence.

The young girl went back to her own apartment with a slow, lingering step. She was surprised, and hardly knew what she had said or done. She said to her maid:

"Lizette, take the easel away. I shall not paint any more to-day," and the girl wondering, obeyed.

(To be continued.)



[MR. ATHERTON'S GREAT NEWS.]

HONYCHURCH ROOKERY.

CHAPTER XII.

THE great house at Lakeville was all a-blaze with light, when Bradley walked up the avenue to fulfil his promise to Miss Anderson, and inform her that there had really been evidence enough discovered to warrant the arrest of young Creyton, and that he was safely lodged under the constable's care.

He had promised to communicate with her immediately after the arrest, but had not intended to visit her until the next morning, owing to the lateness of the hour. But in passing along the highway, at the rise of the hill, he saw the house lighted from basement to attic, and immediately turned his steps towards it, wisely concluding it was best to take the lady at her word.

Miss Anderson was in the midst of her guests, a smiling brilliant woman of fashion, but she came promptly into the library, where Bradley was shown upon his entrance.

Coming from the dim room where he left the grave, pale-faced prisoner, from the simple home of Mary Creyton, no wonder Bradley put up a hand to shield his dazzled eyes, as Miss Anderson, in her brilliant evening dress, floated towards him.

"What a magnificent creature!" was his first inward ejaculation, and in a moment more, he added, "what inimitable skill in dress!"

The lady stood up before him with careless grace, yet all the while enjoying his surprise and admiration, and willing to give him time to gratify it.

Simple, untutored Bradley had never before been made aware of the fascinating witchery of a costly and exquisite toilet. His curious, delighted eye took in every detail, from the floating waves of rose-coloured tulle, festooned here and there, from a glossy white satin underskirt, by the bouquets of white lilies, with crystal pendants like wavering dewdrops, scintillating at every movement she made, to the frosty intricacy of bodice and sleeves, marvels from some rare foreign lace-maker's costly store. Lilies and dewdrops nestled at her breast, amidst lace and satin, and on either side the stately head, amidst the lustrous waves of dark hair, bloomed a single blossom, dazzling in its gleaming whiteness, and linked by a chain of diamonds. The haughty throat, and still fair and gracefully-moulded arms, each bore their circlet of gems and gold, the dainty fan, and the snowy satin slipper, each held its tiny jewels, strewn wherever lavish art could find a place.

Poor Bradley sat still and stared, as at a princess, quite forgetting what he had come to tell. She did not hurry him, but ringing the bell, ordered a glass of wine and a piece of cake for him, and stood herself, slowly sipping spoonful by spoonful of a strawberry cream.

"I suppose you came to say something about that unfortunate affair, as you promised you would," said she, sweetly, when at length he seemed emerging from his state of wondering admiration. "My poor little sunshade, I shall never use it again, not for the world! To think that it should go hunting up evidences that had better have remained quiet for ever."

"Nay, it is always a righteous deed which furthers the ends of justice. Cranstoun cannot afford to have an unmolested murderer in its midst."

She started nervously, and shuddered. "Murderer! Oh, Mr. Bradley, that is a dreadful word! Pray don't use it again. You really can't mean it."

"We have arrested Charlie Creyton. The pistol was found in his chamber."

"In his chamber! how very strange," said Miss Anderson, slowly, with a genuine look of perplexed wonder on her face.

"And more than that, the plate was missing, and the one you found fits exactly into its place," he continued, eagerly.

"Wretched youth! can it be possible that he committed that terrible deed?"

And Miss Anderson stood before him, her gloved hands clasped, her black eyelashes drooping down upon her cheek, her face full of melancholy grief.

"It is morally impossible for it to be otherwise. The crime was committed for gold. We found a sum of the identical coin proved to have been delivered to the hermit, in the closet with the pistol."

"Then you believe him really guilty?"

"Of course I do. There is positive evidence of it."

"But a jury may discover discrepancies," said she, musingly.

"No, indeed, I never knew a clearer case. There is no question about it. He will be convicted."

"Oh, wretched, wretched boy!"

"He will undoubtedly be hanged," said the coroner, emphatically.

Those thick, jetty lashes hid the tiger gleam of joy in the cold eyes, and the hypocritical voice said, sorrowfully:

"It is very sad. Is the mother in reduced circumstances? I must go and see if I can help her. For you see, Mr. Bradley, I feel quite guilty, so terribly guilty, as it was my sunshade which ferreted out that fatal bit of metal."

"You give yourself undeserved reproach, my dear Miss Anderson. Rather congratulate yourself that you are the instrument of bringing wickedness to light."

"But about the trial. Must I go? Pray, if it be possible, get me off. You stood by and saw it all; why must I have anything to do with it?"

"You will only corroborate my statement, a very simple matter, which every one will be pleased to render as little annoying as possible."

"Perhaps something may transpire to change it all," said Miss Anderson, hopefully.

"Nay, that is most improbable."

"Well, there is time enough for me to tremble, without making myself unhappy to-night. And my guests are missing me. Call and see me again, Mr. Bradley. Shant I give you another glass of wine before you go?"

"Thank you, you have already been very generous. I should hardly have ventured here, at so late an hour, but that I saw the house illuminated."

"I have a party of friends from town. General H—— and his lady, and a foreign minister or so. Good-night."

Mr. Bradley bowed himself out of sight of the magnificent woman, feeling as honoured as if he had just left a throne-room.

Miss Anderson went back to her guests, fairly radiant, her pale cheeks, though they lacked blush tints, yet somehow glowed through their paleness, from the exultant throbbing of the proud, imperious heart; her vivid lips were wreathed with smiles, her stately head was carried with more haughty grace than before.

Ray Gilbert was among the guests, hovering over a coquettish belle with the utmost devotion. The hostess managed to draw him aside, and whisper:

"Take care, Ray, Kate Owen is only playing with you. Don't let her think that you can be caught by such transparent snares. And mind you commit yourself to no one. You belong to some one else, you know."

He looked discontentedly into the fond and smiling face, and asked:

"To whom, I should like to know? You won't accept me."

"But Amy shall!" returned she, with earnest tone.

"She is past fathoming. I really believe, Miss Anderson, she will be stubborn to the end. That fellow has succeeded in bewitching her."

"That fellow is safely out of our way!" returned Miss Anderson, with fierce exultation. "What do

you think Mr. Bradley came to tell me? That this Creyton has been arrested for the murder."

"What murder?" ejaculated Ray, in amazement. "There has been but one, has there?" said she, in as pettish a tone as she ever used to him.

"The poor old hermit! Good heavens, what motive could he have had?"

"You seem anxious to doubt it," retorted she, still more sharply.

"Why, I confess, I am amazed. It seems so improbable," he replied, shrinking a little at the glimpse he caught of her glittering eyes.

She saw it, and hastened to reply, carelessly: "I know nothing about it beyond what Mr. Bradley tells me, that the hermit's gold has been found in his possession, and that the proofs are such that no one can doubt his guilt. I confess, notwithstanding the horror of the thought, I could not help rejoicing that Amy's eyes would discover his baseness. We may count upon a speedy wedding-day!"

"How anxious you are for my marriage to some one else," said the spoiled favourite, with a perverse glance into her eager face. "If it were you, I should be ready to curse the flight of time, rather than watch joyfully for your wedding-day."

She tried to smile in careless gaiety, but the effort was a failure.

"Is it wrong in me to be nervously anxious for you to be safely settled here?" asked she, in a deep, passionate voice.

"No, to be sure, it is not, glancing around the elegant rooms with intense satisfaction. I ought to wish for it, too. And since the only method is by uniting myself with that foolish girl, so be it."

"Now I must give the signal for supper. General H— will take me down, and you, Ray, must escort his lady. Be amiable now, and discreet."

"I bow to your commands, fairest, where all are fair!" he replied, kissing his hand to her.

It was a gay evening; not until after midnight was the house quiet again, and the company dispersed, the guests in their chambers, and the tired servants resting from their busy cares.

Felice had disrobed her mistress of her rich evening-dress, wrapped the dressing-gown around her, and then thankfully retired to her couch.

Miss Anderson, however, had no inclination for sleep. Her eye burned brightly, undimmed by all the revel. She was hot and fevered with inward excitement, and opening a window, she drew forward the easy-chair, and sat down close beside it. The room was dim, for she had extinguished all the candles but one, and the whole house was still and quiet. Leaning back her head, and folding her arms, Miss Anderson resigned herself to the misery of solitary self-communion.

The eagerness of thought would not leave her lips quiet; they moved restlessly, their scarlet lines curving with slow smiles, or drawn down with evil sneers. Presently the thoughts within bubbled over into speech.

"So far I am safe! So far my plans mature beyond even my wildest hopes! But oh, how slow the fruition of these years of waiting and watching! I think these inward fires are wearing me out. I was so proud once of my strong will, my iron endurance, and now every little opposition chafes me into fury, frets me almost to madness. I do not sleep, either, as I used."

"Oh, what a relief when I am safe and can rest! It cannot be long, for events mature rapidly and favourably, all but the girl's obstinacy. But that will surely be conquered now. She will not care to follow her lover to the scaffold. To think it should be he, of all others, to mar my plans. If he had dreamed what it would cost to cross my path! Yet it is safer and better so, father and son, securely out of my light, out of Ray's path. Better so, better so! It was the only way."

But while she spoke, she lifted her right arm, and looked, half askance, with a wild terror in her eyes at the hand—that fair right hand, which always seemed such a source of mingled dread and warning to her. And as she gazed, a dark shadow overspread her eyes, and crept across her face, leaving it horror-struck, and of deadly whiteness, and in a moment the lips, those matchless crimson lips, grew rigid, and of a dull frozen blue, drawn away from the pearly teeth with an expression almost idiotic. For a moment the spell was upon her, and she sat there, cowering like a lost spirit in the presence of its judge, unable to move or speak.

Then, with a desperate effort, she roused herself, gasping frightfully, while flecks of foam speckled her lips, and tottered to her feet, clasping both hands to her head. She rushed across the room, poured out some wine into a slender glass, spilling half of it over the silver salver on which the decanter stood, and using the left hand, raised it to her mouth and drank with frantic, convulsive gasps between each swallow.

The colour drifted slowly but steadily back to her lips, the glaze of horror died off from her eyes, her face returned to its natural expression, and sinking nerveless and powerless into a chair, she exclaimed: "That wedding must not be postponed a day, no, nor an hour. Oh, to have Ray safely here, to be able to tell him all! He will take care of me then—for it grows upon me. I know it, I see it, every attack is harder to overcome than the last. If I can only have rest, and be free from this torturing strain upon my mind!"

As she muttered this, she moved slowly towards the window to close it. She paused abruptly, and stood gazing through the window, growing rigid and stony again. There in the dimness was the clear outline of a form, a shadowy cloud around and about it, clear and distinct, and what light there was in the room seemed to gather in one broad ray, and pour itself upon the face—a face which through the mists shone spectral and ghastly—and it was the face of the murdered hermit! One thin, shadowy hand was raised, pointing towards the pale face staring out upon him, in solemn warning.

Miss Anderson's wild shriek rang out through the silent house, startling the heaviest sleeper from his couch. There was instant stir and bustle without. Felice came rushing into the room, and nearly stumbled over the prostrate, senseless form of her mistress. Miss Anderson, for the first time in her life, had fainted.

CHAPTER XIII.

MARY CREYTON, left alone in the farmhouse with Ben Crump, went about mechanically, fastening the doors, closing the windows, and putting the room in order, ready for morning. The girl who helped her with the work, a poor orphan from the almshouse, had long ago retired, and had slept soundly through all the noise accompanying the arrest of the young master.

Ben Crump sat down wearily on the first chair at hand in the kitchen, and silently watched Mary Creyton's movements. He saw her pause now and then, with that far-off melancholy look in her eye, and lean her head wearily on her hand. And there arose a choking sensation to Ben's throat as he saw it, and the hand that had been thrust into his trousers' pocket, greedily clutching the silver stowed there, slowly drew away from it, and his eyes dropped to the floor, and he began to feel as if Ben Crump was, after all, neither particularly sharp nor shrewd, but a poor, contemptible, ungrateful fellow.

It recurred to him how generously and kindly these two, mother and son, had dealt with him; how considerate of his feelings, how careful of his comforts, they had been. He knew the difference, for he had come there lank and lean, half-starved, from a dreary home in a parsimonious tradesman's in another town. He knew that he had grown plump, ruddy, strong, and healthy on the generous fare of Creyton farm, and therefore appreciated the kindness of Charlie's patient endeavour to make a good workman of him.

He remembered, with a keen pang, how his young master had always favoured him by lifting boards and lumber, cautioning him against injuring the growing muscles of boyhood. All these thoughts, like so many solemn accusers, rose up before Ben, as he sat there with hanging head, and rapidly sinking heart. The words Mr. Bradley had spoken in the chamber filled him with horror and dismay.

"Evidence enough to hang a man!" Had he, Ben Crump, helped to hang that kind, good master of his, for Ben had not lived in Charlie Creyton's immediate presence twelve months, without getting a profound assurance that whatever the young man said could be relied upon. Charlie Creyton told his mother he was innocent, and having said it thus solemnly, Ben, at least, could not question the truth of it. And yet the coroner affirmed that he would be hanged.

Ben began to shiver and shake, growing paler and paler, quaking with a superstitious terror which every moment gained stronger hold; he cowered there by the chimney, longing to shriek out his agony, but not daring to give vent even to a sob.

Mary Creyton had secured everything, and came back to the mantel-piece to put down a lamp. Charlie's working blouse hung there over a chair, with the rent in the sleeve which she had promised to mend, ready for the morning. It is always the simplest incident which upsets sternly controlled calumnes.

The sight of the blouse, with the remembrance of the trying, disgraceful imputations which the morning would send far and wide over the village, a picture of the closed shop, the master imprisoned, burst upon her, and she sank down into a chair, the

tide of emotion surging forth in torrents of tears, and hysterical, convulsive sobs.

Ben Crump stared at her a moment in vague terror, then slipped out of his chair, and fell down cowering at her feet.

"Oh, Mrs. Creyton, Mrs. Creyton! kill me, kill me! It's I that have gone and done it all. But I never knew it would be so bad! Oh, I never thought they'd go and take him away!"

Mary Creyton roused herself from her own great trouble, to look pityingly into the yellow, ghastly face of the boy.

"What ails you, Ben? Don't look so frightened!"

But Ben was rolling on the floor in a perfect paroxysm of terror.

"Is it your tooth, Ben? I will put a little laudanum in it if it be so bad as that."

"No, no!" roared Ben. "It isn't the tooth—but you'd better give me the laudanum, the whole bottle. Oh dear, oh dear, what a miserable creature I be!"

"Why, Ben, you are half crazy. Get up and tell me what's the matter."

Ben arose in his awkward, ungainly fashion, and showed her his round, protruding eyes, the pupils dilated with terror, the white cheeks, the blue lips, and the coarse hair standing from his forehead like bristles.

"Oh dear! I'm a lost sinner! The evil one has got me sure. Oh, Mrs. Creyton, what shall I do? what shall I do?"

She looked at him in vague alarm and utter astonishment, put her soft hand hastily to his forehead, and tried his pulse.

"I think you have lost your senses, Ben. Why don't you tell me where the pain is?"

"Everywhere, all over me."

"Let me see the tooth!" demanded she, half angrily.

"Taint the tooth! Taint the tooth!" shrieked Ben, dancing up and down like a lunatic. "Oh, Mrs. Creyton, my tooth didn't ache. I made believe, and got out, so as to run over and tell the coroner I saw the pistol in Mr. Charlie's closet."

"It was you who betrayed him then," spoke Mary Creyton, sharply, comprehending the case at once, and then she added, in a tone rather of pitying commiseration than of upbraiding or reproach, "Oh, Ben Crump! Ben Crump!"

Ben dropped on the floor again, grovelling there like some helpless animal.

"Oh, Mrs. Creyton, I ain't fit to die, and I don't want to live neither. I never stopped to think what it was going to be; no, I never did, or I'd have turned him out of the shop, when he come and asked me to find Mr. Charlie's pistol."

"Who asked you, Ben?"

"Mr. Bradley. He never said a word about it being for the murder. And I know Mr. Charlie don't know anything about that hermit; but, oh dear, he'll be hanged, and I'll have gone and done it."

"Hush, Ben! Charlie will not be hanged—my brave innocent boy will not be hanged," said Mary Creyton, sternly. "You have done wrong, because you have turned against the best friends you have. But you did it without considering what it meant. I forgive you freely, and so will Charlie. Get up now, and sit down, and tell me more plainly what you have said and done."

Ben looked up in her face, as he might have done had a ministering angel, with snowy plumage still ashine with the glories of the heavenly world, sailed downwards to give a drop of reviving moisture to the parched lips of a desert-bound, despairing wretch.

"You forgive me? You do forgive me, Mrs. Creyton? Oh, heaven will bless you!"

Mary Creyton did not smile. Ben's distress and horror were too genuine not to stir her sympathy.

"If you repent Ben, of whatever wrong motive you might have had for such—"

"Repent, I do. I would give twice as much as I got to take it back," interrupted Ben.

And with this, Ben began to feel in his pockets, and presently out rolled the money, ringing musically upon the hearth, for Ben only touched them with the tips of his fingers, and seemed afraid of being scorched by them.

"Sweep 'em out, Mrs. Creyton. Sweep 'em out. It's Judas money, and I know it."

The boy's terrified glance eyed askance the bright silver coin, as if each one had talons to seize upon him.

"Ben, Ben!" said she. "I will keep the money to buy you a warm coat for the coming winter."

"No, no. I won't wear anything bought with it. It is Judas money, and I want it out of my sight," vehemently asserted Ben.

"Poor child!" said Mary Creyton, in her angelic compassion stooping over him; "do you indeed feel your sin to be so heinous? Sit down then, Ben, and

I will read to you my comforting chapter. I will show you the foundation of strength to which I have gone in my sore need, and have never come away empty and unsatisfied."

As she spoke, she went over to her workstand, took from the drawer a small, well-worn Bible, came back to Ben's side, and sitting down there, opened the book.

There was a solemn, half-frightened expression on the lad's face, but as the sweet, clear tones began, a gleam of hope and tranquillity crept over it.

"Let not your heart be troubled—"

A tender mist came into the reader's eyes. How full her own heart had been! If she gave vague comfort to Ben, what unutterable relief she found for herself!

"Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, believing, that shall ye receive. If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it."

The book fell from her hands. The slender fingers were clasped together, the meek eyes, soul-filled with divine peace, joyful hope, and holy faith, were lifted upwards, and her wistful lips moved voicelessly.

Ben never stirred, nor took his eyes from her face. It was to that untutored mind like watching a beatific vision. Many minutes passed, and profound peace and silence filled the little kitchen. Were there rustling wings sweeping over them? Was the great Master looking down, bending tenderly over this tried soul, yearning upwards towards his infinite compassion, coming to answer the call, to fulfil the promise?

It was so much to ask. Human will and energies were so powerless and weak, but there it was, clear, plain, emphatic. Oh, how many wrestling, tempest-tossed, yearning hearts, have reached thither, and clung with frantic, imploring faith—and who has ever found it false or treacherous?

"If ye ask anything in my name, I will do it!"

Mary Creyton, arousing presently with a low, tremulous sigh of relief from her ecstatic trance, repeated the words with a glad, joyful intonation.

Ben looked into her shining face with wistful eyes.

"Did you pray for me, too, Mrs. Creyton?" asked he, almost in a whisper.

"My poor boy! I prayed for us all. But, Ben, you must learn to pray for yourself. I will tell you what we will do with the money. You shall go down to-morrow morning to the bookseller's, and buy a pocket Bible, and I will write your name, and this night's date, and my text in it. And who knows what a blessed guide it shall be to you, for you will never forget what has happened to-day, Ben. That will take but a portion of the money. The rest you may carry to poor widow Brown. So you will do a great deal of good with the money, Ben. And now you ought to go to bed, and get a night's rest, for you must attend to the shop alone, and I must go to the village early, and see what I can do for Charlie."

Ben rose to his feet, meekly and submissively, took the candle she lighted, and went quietly up-stairs, after he had relieved his mind by one of his characteristic speeches.

"Mrs. Creyton. I don't care nothing what the lying folks say about you. I know one thing to-night, for certain, you're just a born angel."

"Then you are safe, Ben, so you may sleep quietly," answered she, with a playful smile, but her eyes at the same time were full of tears.

She was just turning to go up the stairs to her own chamber, when there came a gentle tap on the window. She was not in a mood for being startled, and went at once to the window, the light of her lamp falling full, as she did so, upon the face of the taxidermist.

"May I speak with you a moment?" asked he in a cautious voice.

She opened the window at once.

He looked anxiously into her face, as if astonished at its calmness, and said, eagerly:

"I have been misinformed. They told me your son had been arrested for murder."

"He has," replied Mary, calmly, "but he will come out safely, for he is innocent."

The man looked anxious and disturbed.

"Has he told you anything about the circumstances, why appearances are so much against him?"

"He has not. There was no time, and I did not urge it. Charlie and I have implicit trust in each other; thank heaven that it is so!"

"I suppose it will be impossible for me to see him," continued the taxidermist, gravely; "but you may rest assured that I shall be on the watch to assist him. I must leave town at once, on very important business, but I shall return as soon as possible. You will see him, of course. Will you say to him, in my exact words, 'that the person who was a witness with

him on that fatal night, will be at hand at the proper moment.'"

Mary repeated the words slowly after him.

"I am not to say the taxidermist, then?"

"No, it is not in that character that he knew me. I don't want the lad to be down-hearted. For he might get alarmed, inasmuch as there is really a terrible array of evidence against him. Tell him a man came to your window at night, and bade you give him the message. And you yourself, dear madam, must not lose courage, though your boy's safety may seem entirely beyond the power of man."

"I shall not," answered Mary Creyton, with sweet serenity. "There is a higher power than man's."

The taxidermist muttered some passionate ejaculation, the meaning of which was lost to her.

"There is no more for you to say?" asked she gently.

"No more, I suppose, except that I am on the track for vengeance."

"Leave vengeance to heaven! But work out the ends of justice. Let George Livingstone's name be cleared from all reproach before I give it to his son! And now let me say good night. For I am alone, without even my son's protection, and the hour is late."

"Incomparable woman! Thou hast indeed come forth through the furnace, purified into refined gold!" murmured the taxidermist, as he walked slowly away, but not towards the cottage.

Mary Creyton closed the window, secured the spring, and went quietly and peacefully to her couch, wondering herself at the strange, sweet sense of security and safety which buoyed her up.

She was nearly asleep when there came a pleading voice outside the door.

"Mrs. Creyton, if you please, might I bring a pillow and rest here in the entry by your door? I shan't never get to sleep anywhere else."

"Why, yes, Ben. But I would take the mattress too, or you will get cold."

She heard him bringing them along, and placing himself as close as possible to her threshold. Half-amused and thoroughly touched with pity and sympathy, she said, in a tone of quiet authority:

"Now go to sleep, Ben. Good night."

"Good night, ma'am. Heaven bless you!"

And ere long Ben's even breathing told that his perturbed spirit had sunk into quiet rest.

CHAPTER XIV.

"ANOTHER note from Miss Anderson," whispered Mrs. Atherton to Amy, as she came into the breakfast-room, where her father was busy reading a letter.

The latter glanced apprehensively towards the head of the house, but his face wore a pleased, complacent smile. In a few moments he came forward, and handed the note to his daughter.

"Amy," said he, "you will promise to obey her request implicitly, unless you wish me to remain at home and see it enforced."

Amy opened the note, and read the few lines written in a graceful hand on the smooth, perfumed paper.

"DEAR MR. A.—This is to give notice to the dear little rebel, that Felice will come over to-day with the carriage, and take the requisite measurements for the various articles of the *trousseau*. I promised myself the pleasure, but owing to a slight indisposition, the result of rather extravagant exertions of late, I am confined to my chamber. It is my particular desire that Felice discovers no unwillingness or opposition. She is a Frenchwoman, and has her national traits of curious speculation and garrulity, and might, some time hereafter, start troublesome rumours. My best love to the darling girl, who is at present her own worst enemy. Don't be harsh with her, I beg and command. There is no fear but that she will soon see with clearer eyes. Regards to Mrs. A.—Yours ever sincerely,

SERENA ANDERSON."

Amy held the paper a few moments in silence, and then looked up deprecatingly into her father's resolute face.

"I will not be rude, father, but if I submit in silence before the Frenchwoman, you must understand that I do it only under protest to yourself and Miss Anderson, of the utter uselessness and folly of the whole arrangement."

"Protest as much as you like, it will have but one result. I am amazed, myself, at that generous woman's forbearance. I wonder she does not throw you off with contempt. Hear her pleading for me not to be harsh with you! I wonder if there ever were another man so tried by two such ridiculous creatures."

And Mr. Graham Atherton rose from his chair, and walked to the breakfast-table.

"Not ready yet? Are you aware that I must be at the bank at a certain hour?"

"Everything is ready but the muffins. You said you could not eat the bread, and wanted me to make muffins. But yesterday morning you would not touch them, and made me toast bread for you," ventured poor Mrs. Atherton.

"Yesterday isn't to-day, is it?" snappishly inquired the lord and master.

Mrs. Atherton ran back to the kitchen, and endeavoured to hasten the muffins.

"I asked him before I came down what he would have," murmured she, as she turned away her flushed face from the fire, "and he said anything."

Presently the corner ones looked brown and crisp. She took them out, and examined them anxiously, and then hurried them on to the table, Nancy following with the rest of the viands.

Mr. Atherton cut the slices of steak, looked at them a moment, and then threw down the knife.

"All dried up! about as fit to eat as a chip," he muttered.

"But there's one slice rarer. I dressed another, because the rest stood so long I was afraid it wouldn't be right," said Mrs. Atherton, taking her fork to point out the juicy slice.

Mr. Atherton broke open a muffin, disdaining to hear the explanation.

"Doughy, of course!"

"But the other two are quite brown; try them, Graham."

"Bitter and burnt. It's always one thing or the other here. Am I to go without my coffee? Though I suppose I may as well, for all the good I shall get from it."

The meek wife turned nervously to the coffee-urn, in such tropicard that she burnt her hand with the scalding liquid.

"Some people always make a mess of everything they touch!" observed her husband, with a sneer.

And then he proceeded to help himself liberally to the steak he had condemned, consuming enough to decide the question of its proper preparation, judging by the standard of the old proverb, that the proof of the pudding is in the eating. The muffins, too, one after another, disappeared from the plate, and when he rose from his chair, Mr. Graham Atherton had certainly partaken of a very respectable breakfast.

They had scarcely finished the meal, when they heard a quick step upon the gravel of the front walk.

"My father is coming back," said Amy.

"He has forgotten his pen, pencil, or something," observed Mrs. Atherton, in a tone of solicitude.

He came into the room with elastic steps, and an eager, triumphant face.

"There is stirring news abroad this morning," said he, looking from one expectant face to the other. "Great news, indeed; all the village is astir."

He waited a moment impatiently, but neither wife nor daughter made the desired inquiry, which in some degree increased the acrimony of his tone as he proceeded:

"You will both be greatly interested, and Miss Amy will, doubtless, regret exceedingly that her romantic attachment to the young gentleman has not been allowed to culminate in so desirable a marriage. The honourable Charles Creyton has been arrested for the murder of that poor hermit, and Mr. Bradley assures me that the proofs against him are indisputable and overwhelming!"

He made the announcement in as jubilant a tone as he would have used to proclaim a victory for the nation. Mrs. Atherton, who was standing, dropped down heavily into the chair behind her.

Amy, who was already seated, sprang to her feet, clasped her hands, and looked into the cold, hard face with an expression of piteous entreaty.

"It is true; there is no chance for doubt. The arrest was made last night. You will see that you have made a most fortunate escape, young woman, from your headstrong determination to ruin yourself."

Amy's marble white lips moved, but she could not articulate a word.

The poor mother, whose heart was bleeding for her darling, found courage, for her sake, to say:

"It cannot be true. There must be some mistake."

"I tell you there is no mistake. Coroner Bradley himself told me of it. The pistol is found, and the hermit's gold, hidden away in the villain's chamber. I always told you he was a scoundrel. You won't need my opinion to prove it to you now. I hope now, Amy, your eyes are clear, and that you will come back to be my pride and joy once more."

He spoke the last words in a kind, almost tender tone. There was a look on that white, set face of such deadly agony, that even his hard heart was touched.

"Take care of her," said he, turning to his wife.

"I must hurry back to the bank." And he went off again as swiftly as he had come.

Mrs. Atherton went up to Amy, and threw her arms around her neck.

"Amy, Amy, my darling. Don't look so crushed, so stony—you frighten me."

But Amy never moved her fixed, glassy eye, nor answered a word.

"Amy, Amy, what ails you? It may not be so bad—how can it be? We'll go out and find out the truth. Come, let us go."

She took her daughter's hand as she spoke, and kissed it. It was like ice, and the purple stood beneath the nails. Not daring to show her great alarm, Mrs. Atherton stood a moment, chafing it between hers.

"Come, Amy," said she, "let us go into the street; over to Mr. Bradley's, if you like."

No movement, no response; still that rigid form, that fixed, glassy eye.

With tears and tender strategy, Mrs. Atherton persisted, stroking her hands, kissing, every now and then, the chilly lips.

"Poor Charlie! poor Charlie! Let us go to comfort him, Amy. He will need your consoling words in this bitter trial."

She saw that his name stirred and roused the paralyzed brain, and therefore repeated it again and again, watching the fluttering breath and heaving chest with intense relief. A strong, swift shudder, and Amy turned towards her.

"Come, come, why do we delay here? I must go. I can save him, or die with him. If he be guilty, so am I; for I was with him all that evening, and if he had gold, so had I. You can testify to it, I gave it all to you."

"Great heaven!" ejaculated Mrs. Atherton, trembling from head to foot, "the child has gone crazy."

"No, no, not yet!" answered Amy, pressing both hands to her forehead, "and I must not, till I have saved Charlie!"

She was hurrying to the door without hat or shawl, but Mrs. Atherton caught her and put them on, and went down the walk.

At the magistrate's office a solemn group had already assembled, when into the grave, absorbed crowd walked a slender figure, and the magistrate was confronted by a youthful face rigid with horror, and marbly white.

Charlie Croyton, from his seat between the two officers, gave a low cry, and instinctively held out his arms.

"I have come," said Amy Atherton, in a sweet, thrilling voice, "to give my testimony. To save Charlie Croyton."

"Amy, Amy!" cried out Charlie, warningly.

She gave him a single glance of unutterable love, and turned again to the magistrate.

"I wish to be sworn, and to give my testimony."

The officer of the court held out the Bible, but had not fairly risen from his seat to administer the oath, when suddenly the girl put her hand to her head, wavered a moment, and fell heavily to the floor.

Charlie Croyton had her in his arms before another person had found sense enough to move.

"Amy, Amy!" besought he, in piteous tones.

But the white lids lay still on the marble cheek, no breath fluttered through the parted lips.

Mrs. Atherton from the outside heard his voice, and hurried in. It was a scene of confusion and pitiful distress.

When at length she revived, her mind was wandering. The doctor, who had been hurried in, shook his head, and ordered her to be taken home carefully.

Charlie Croyton saw the unconscious girl borne away, and with the first growth of anguished despair buried his face in his hands. Scarcely was Amy removed, ere he was taken away to the county gaol, without obtaining even a glimpse of his mother.

(To be continued.)

SEA SALT.—The salt contained in sea water gives it a greater density than fresh water; its average specific weight is 1.027. The density of the water of the Mediterranean is, according to M. Usiglio, 1.025 when at the temperature of seventy degrees. But the saltness of the sea varies very much under the influence of a great many local circumstances, among which we must count principally currents, winds favourable to evaporation, rivers coming from the continents, &c. It has been remarked that the sea is less salt towards the Poles than at the Equator; that the saltness increases, in general, with the distance from land, and the depth of the water; that the interior seas, such as the Baltic, the Black Sea, the White Sea, the Sea of Marmora, and the Yellow Sea, are less salt than the ocean. The Mediterranean is an exception to this last rule; it is saltier than the ocean. This difference is explained by the fact that the quantity of fresh water brought into it by rivers is less than that lost by evaporation. The

Mediterranean must, therefore, grow saltier with time, unless its water is discharged into the ocean by a counter-current, which would run under the current coming from the Atlantic by the Straits of Gibraltar. The Black Sea, on the contrary, the water of which has a density of only 1.013, receives from rivers more fresh water than it loses by evaporation. The saltness of this interior sea is only half as intense as that of the ocean. The Sea of Azov and the Caspian Sea are still less salt than the Black Sea. —*Louis Figuier.*

I HAD CONQUERED.

He was a tall, slim man, with shaggy whiskers, and a face which would have been handsome but for the lines of trouble which made the features appear sharp and pointed, and a quick, searching look in his fierce black eyes.

So I thought, sitting opposite to him at a card-table, playing for a high stake.

Now and then, as luck went against him, he muttered curses low and deep, more to himself than to any one in particular.

I did my best, and he did his, and, at the very last, I came off victor.

As my trump came down, he staggered to his feet, his eyes wild, and his hand shaking. After a few seconds, he said:

"Why should I care? I did not want the money. I hate to be beaten, though. I hate money, and I hate life. Do you hear?" he cried, roughly, taking me by the arm. "I hate life and memory; and they will come to-night, bringing the past—the bitter past!"

I looked at him. His eyes had a startlingly wild look in them, and his whole frame shook.

"Come," said I, "I don't want your money. I never gamble for that. But I think some fresh air would revive you."

And, taking his arm, we passed out. Once in the open air, he revived, and we walked past the hotel, down to the beach, which, in the dark, looked frightful, with the white waves moaning ceaselessly, as though telling their dreary tale to the silent stars overhead.

My companion shuddered as we sat down on a rock near by; then, suddenly rising, said, in a wild way:

"I will tell you, man, for I cannot keep it longer the story of my life. I will begin far back, for it was long years ago that I saw her first—the pride of the village, the gentle Annie Gray. I was a wild, reckless fellow—heaven help me!—prone to evil, hard-hearted, but handsome, so the people said. Be that as it may, I saw her. Her golden hair and blue eyes took my fancy, and little by little I made my way into her affection. It was a long time before I could make her consent to be my wife; but that only made me more determined. I said, 'Shall this little woman defy me? I'll bring her round yet.' And so, one summer's night, when the moon and stars made earth beautiful, and all was still, save the drowsy hum of the insects, she promised to be my wife."

He stopped and covered his face with his hands, walking backwards and forwards with rapid strides, as though in agony. I stood with folded arms waiting for him to proceed. At last he came back to where I stood, and began again.

"Time passed on. I was proud and pleased to be loved so passionately by the one who had so long been cold to me. I had conquered. She was mine. I could bend her to my will, if I chose; and I played the ardent lover well; and she listened to all my vows with her gentle, pleasant smile; or, almost frightened by the intensity of my devotion, would look at me beseechingly, and say that it was wrong to love a being of this world so much.

"We were to be married in the spring. It was nearing Christmas, and I told her I must go to prepare my house to receive her. So we parted—very sadly on her part; but with me it was not so, for I was tired—I wanted a rest away from this woman who had promised to marry me."

He stopped again, wiping with his handkerchief the cold drops from his forehead.

"I promised to return in two weeks, never to part more. But when I got away, I neglected to come back. I did not repair my house. I spent my time in the society which courted me and my money. Some times I would think of the golden hair, of the tripping step, which I knew would be less buoyant during my absence, of the little flushed face which would be pale, and the heart so heavy, but I laughed at my fancies, and flirted with other women whom I chanced to meet, until six weeks passed away. I had written once to Annie, and had received an affectionate reply. After that I had been silent, but she was not. When two weeks passed, and she

did not receive another letter, she wrote, telling how lonesome she was, wishing to know the reason of my delay, and entreating me to write to her.

"Even then I did not write, and two weeks later came another letter, asking me, in heaven's name, to write, for she was distracted. If I had proved false, to let her know at once—to let her know something at least, for suspense was killing her. Then I answered coldly, and told her that I had determined not to marry her, as we were not suited to each other. I had met one whom I thought was my mate. She would get over her fancy for me, and marry some one else. Yes, this and more I sent to the tender-hearted one; and after I sent it, felt free. I do not know how she received the letter; but my thoughts would go back to her as I saw her last standing in the doorway, the little face pain-stricken at my departure, the blue eyes full, and the golden hair sparkling in the sunset. I see her now—the tightly clasped hands, the trusting eyes."

And the man trembled and looked out over the black sea as though the scene were pictured there.

"I could not drive her from my mind; and at last I awoke to the fact that I loved her. You answer? Well it was the love of which I was capable."

"And two months later I wended my way back to her. Then they told me that the blue eyes were closed for ever, and that the golden hair and little loving face were hidden beneath the coffin lid. Man, do you guess at the agony of that moment?"

He dropped on his knees beside the rocks, swaying himself to and fro, while all the time the black clouds chased each other, and the dark leaves moaned backwards and forwards as though keeping time to the sad story. At last he arose.

"They told me more; they told me that I had been the cause, and heaped bitter curses on my head. Heaven knows they fell upon me, and have crushed me to the earth ever since. They said she never looked up again after hearing the truth—the blue eyes faded and the pink cheeks grew white; and before she went, she whispered, 'If you ever see him, say that I forgive him. Tell him he was the cause of my death; but to forget, and not to bear it through life.'"

"But I have borne it—borne it all these years. The face framed with the golden hair is ever before me; the grave, as I saw it, with its fresh violets are there. I fancy the face beneath it lying still and cold, but the lips keep murmuring ever, 'He was the cause of my death! Oh, Annie! it has been the cause of mine! You are avenged!'"

He flung his arm upwards and rushed wildly to the sea, shrieking. I caught him by the arm.

"My heavens, man, stop!" I cried.

But he turned fiercely upon me, his eyes shining like balls of fire, and dashed me from him, gave a wild laugh, and disappeared in the blackness of the waves. I heard a cry as of a hunted animal, and all was quiet.

We found his body the next day, lying out by the rocks, mutilated beyond recognition. M. L.

THE Empress Charlotte has written to the Empress Elizabeth of Austria stating that she is engaged in embroidering a counterpane for the new-born infant's cradle.

A DRESSMAKER treated herself to half-a-dozen of oysters the other day. It was a good investment, for, in swallowing the last, it stuck in her throat. It was rescued and found to contain a pearl for which a jeweller gave her immediately seventy-five francs.

THE late Mr. C. J. Packe, M.P., of Prestwold Hall, Leicestershire, who died a few weeks since, inherited his estates in 1816, on the death of his father (aged ninety), who had succeeded his father in 1735. The tenure of the Priestwold estate by the two gentlemen thus extended over 132 years.

WHEELER INSECT.—The Wheeler insect is a curious microscopical object. Take a little dust of rotten timber and a drop of water; by-and-bye the insect appears, two horns arise on its head, then a wheel, the velocity of which is surprising; it sails among the dust as if amidst islands. The wheel seems intended by suction to draw in numbers of smaller insects, its food.

THE Sultan possesses some of the most valuable emeralds in the world. The pearls which are in the Treasury at Constantinople are unique. One in the shape of a pear, white as snow, is of enormous size. The number of his Majesty's jewels and ornaments made of precious stones is immense. Among the specimens are an emerald weighing 1,090 drachms, a brooch ornamented with 280 large brilliants, a chemise ornamented with brilliants, and having in the midst a brilliant of 50 carats, a poignant ornamented with brilliants and an emerald of 300 carats. There are also numerous necklaces made of rubies and pearls of an enormous size, some of them as large as a pigeon's egg.



[CARLOS'S VILLANY.]

SIGNOR ALBERTO.

It is a rare thing to hear of events of a romantic interest in connection with the life of an Englishman. Adventure and interest he may meet, at home and abroad; but with an exception in the favour of the warmer blood of the "sunny South," there is more in his character of plain comprehension of plain facts, than appreciation of their ideal beauties. His intense taste for the practical, leaves but little room for the ornamental and the superficial in his judgments, or for fancy to silver with her touch the sombre web of his career.

Though myself an Englishman, circumstances in my life, and a peculiarity in my disposition, will relieve me of a charge of too great practical sense which I bring against the majority of my countrymen, and credit me on the other hand with a little of the romantic.

The completion of my scholastic course gave me an opportunity to seek rest and variety by way of foreign travel. During my travels I stopped at an old German town, situated in one of the most beautiful spots on the banks of the far-famed Rhine.

I had fallen in with pleasant companions—Signor Alberto, and his sister Maria, who were Italians by birth, of property and social position; and Don Carlos, a Spanish gentleman of wealth and respectability. By their invitation I joined their little party, then temporarily residing at a picturesque villa, situated on one of those vine-clad hills that overlook the windings of the river, and the undulations of rich, golden landscape, for miles and leagues away. Varied by agreeable society, and the fairest and most delightful scenery, the days sped swiftly, and almost before I was aware of it, I had conceived a strong attachment for my new acquaintances.

Signor Alberto and Don Carlos were both near my own age, and were highly accomplished gentle-

men. The former was proud and impulsive, like a true Italian; but Don Carlos was reserved, even haughty at times, and his intensely black eyes seemed continually to burn with the brilliancy of suppressed passion.

The Signora Maria—it is with difficulty that I can give an accurate description of her. She was one of those warm and beautiful creations only found in latitudes where summer always reigns. It was not so much the delicately moulded form, the rich complexion, or the dreamy, dark, almost melting eyes, that made you think her beautiful, as the nameless spell of her manner. She riveted your fascination by a thousand almost imperceptible charms, independent of her youth and beauty. She was a creature of fire and emotion, like one of the torrid sunbeams of her own clime, and at once a woman, gentle and full of sense. Her brilliancy had shone amid the brightest stars of her native city—Florence—and her accomplishments were untainted by the weakness of any pride, except that belonging to a true woman.

I need say no more in her praise, for, as the reader may imagine, I found her society more than agreeable, and in a comparatively short time our intercourse had become almost intimacy. Circumstances threw us much of the time into each other's society, and every day our walks were longer, and our rides, sails, and excursions grew pleasanter and more frequent. Together we wandered, and breathed the perfumed air, and gazed on nature in her queenly robes; and as I stood on those royal heights, and looked down upon the Eden beneath my feet, I became conscious of nobler and more refined feelings and impulses, and seemed to myself like one transported to a blissful heaven.

In our walks and rustic excursions, we had usually been accompanied by her brother or Don Carlos, and sometimes by both, but of late our peregrinations had

been so frequent as to leave little opportunity for their society. I was not, however, unmindful of my obligations as a guest, and felt a little delicacy lest my too sudden and exclusive devotion to the Signora Maria should give offence. It was not long before I thought I detected something like pique in the manner of Don Carlos, and a coolness in the greetings of Signor Alberto. I well knew Don Carlos to be an ardent admirer of the Signora Maria, but had entertained no idea of a stronger attachment on his part.

But I was too keen a person, and altogether too much upon my guard not to perceive that Don Carlos was labouring under the strongest feelings of jealousy towards me, which had almost deepened into personal hatred. However, I rashly supposed that I possessed the confidence of Signor Alberto, who, whether prejudiced or not, still preserved towards me the courteous exterior of a gentleman; and with unmistakable proofs of the regard of his fair sister, I felt that the ground was my own, in spite of previous occupation by my would-be rival, and abandoned myself to my new-found happiness, utterly reckless of the sinister glances that occasionally shot from beneath the brows of my Spanish friend.

But my dream was not long to last. Don Carlos saw himself thoroughly supplanted in the thoughts of the Signora Maria, and by a stranger; and in his madness he vowed vengeance. As days passed by, his mask of a gentleman could scarcely conceal his malignity, and on more than one occasion he let words drop, which, coming to my ears, made me resolve upon forcing from him a retraction and apology, and as often was I dissuaded from my purpose by the entreaties of the Signora Maria, who looked upon Don Carlos as her brother's personal friend, and begged me to let my just resentment of his insinuations and plottings pass in silence. She herself, while refusing to countenance his attentions, bore herself towards him in a manner affable and lady-like, with the hope of conciliating his ill feelings.

At length the brother, who, of late, had been frequently absent from the villa for a day or two at a time, returned late in the evening, and our greetings partook of a little of their former warmth and cordiality. His sister was the idol of his heart, and among his noble qualities was that of an unsuspecting disposition, and in spite of the ungenerous disposition of the Spaniard, he bore himself towards me with a gentle courtesy, though, at the same time, I think his decided preference was for the Don.

After the interchange of salutations, Maria and I, as was our wont, strolled away into the garden, seating ourselves in the most retired nook, enjoying to the full the calm stillness of the hour, and our own mutual happiness.

We talked together till the hours grew late, and then rose to go. Just as we passed out of the bower into the path, which led to the mansion, a tall form, muffled in a cloak, started up, and hurried away in an opposite direction, disappearing again in the shrubbery. I instantly recognized the figure as that of Don Carlos. He had, no doubt, been stealthily watching us, and overhearing our remarks in the arbour. I was conscious of entirely honourable conduct, and my first thought was that of indignation and disgust at Don Carlos for stooping to play the part of spy; but when I reflected that it was without doubt his intention by this means to reflect falsely upon the character of myself and the Signora Maria, than whom a purer and fairer being never lived, I was filled with rage. Maria had recognized him also, and leaned tremblingly on my arm for support.

"This is the last indignity I will submit to from him," said I, hoarsely.

I walked silently towards the villa, resolving immediate resentment, with the intention of explaining matters to Signor Alberto, whose guest I was, and demanding arrangements for immediate satisfaction. I found the Signor had retired, and resolving to see him in the morning, I kissed Maria good-night upon the balcony, (though my lips burned as with a fever,) and retired for the night, but not to sleep.

Late the next morning I awoke from a troubled sleep, and having aroused myself, ordered breakfast in my own room. I dressed quietly, and hastily swallowed a cup of coffee, descended to Signor Alberto's private parlour, with the intention of acquainting him with the occurrence of the night before. To my surprise, Don Carlos rose and received me in the most polished terms, but in a manner, the sneering and bitterness of which I shall never forget, asking me to be seated, and remarking that we had a little matter of business to settle which would require our united attention. I stood still an instant, and the whole strength of the loathing and scorn which I had now acquired for the man before me, seemed to concentrate itself, as he shrunk back uneasily at my gaze, but with a malignant scowl. Deigning no farther reply I approached the table and was about to seat myself, when Signor Alberto

whose presence I had not before noticed, turned suddenly around, and strode towards me with the most demoniac expression I ever saw on the face of any human being. His features were livid, and his eyes like two coals, while every muscle and nerve in his body seemed wound up together by the violence of his passion. In a voice husky, and scarce above a whisper, he cried, with fearful imprecations:

"Sir, you are a villain! You have insulted and abused my hospitality. You have dishonoured and traduced my only sister, and were it not for the entreaties of this gentleman," pointing to Don Carlos, "I would kill you instantly. I beg, sir, if you have one spark of honour left, that you will consider yourself bound to make immediate personal reparation. This house is at your service only till preliminaries can be arranged for a duel between us."

I was thunderstruck. I saw that the Spaniard had forestalled me. Pausing a second to collect my scattered and astonished senses, I replied:

"Signor Alberto, when I have done a wrong, I will make reparation. You are under a mistaken impression. I am entirely innocent of this fearful charge, and of either act or intention dishonourable to a gentleman, and I call upon the Signora Maria herself to witness the truth of my assertions."

"You will not appeal to the lady," thundered the Signor, breaking in upon me, and stamping and gesticulating wildly; "I have ordered her to be confined in her own room away from such a licentious cur as yourself."

These words stung me, but I well knew who had caused the utterance of them, and, in a measure controlling my feelings, replied, angrily:

"Signor, I am a man of honour, and am not afraid to stand the test of my innocence. I understand all this fully. You have been duped and blindfolded by this plotting knave, whom I consider as the most contemptible sneak I have ever met." Then turning to the Spaniard, while Signor Alberto stood like one transfixed, I said, "Don Carlos, I brand you as a liar and a coward, a worse than villain, and more pitiable than the vilest reptile that walks the earth. You dogged my steps last night. You saw and heard nothing but what was most honourable and guileless. You fled from my face like a cur, not daring to show your craven front, even in the dark, and," I hissed, "you have lied like a fiend, to blast the fair name of a being as pure as an angel, and as innocent, for the sole purpose of gratifying your personal jealousy."

I had hardly uttered the last word, when, like an incarnate fiend, he sprang at me, clearing the table at a single bound. Quick as lightning, I drew a sharp knife from my bosom and held it aloft; and had his fingers reached my throat, it would have been his last, mortal deed; but the strong arm of Signor Alberto held him back.

"Hold," he cried, "there must be no blood shed under my roof; you know the usual method—the gentleman's code."

I assented at once, for I wished for nothing else; the Spaniard was clamorous for blood, and that arrangements should be made immediately. He also insisted upon challenging me himself, on behalf of the wounded honour of Signor Alberto and his sister, and on his own account for the charge I had so strongly preferred against his integrity, which he affected to regard as mere plausible falsehoods. I left the choice of weapons to him. He named pistols. I assented; and Signor Alberto proposed that in half an hour we should meet in a secluded path which wound along by the river's bank—that each man should load his pistol, and draw lots for the first fire at six paces distance.

"You will have no seconds, gentlemen, as the affair is sudden and private, and my feeling of honour would forbid my acting in that capacity for one of you, while the other was deprived of the privilege," said the Signor.

I replied, that a man whose conscience sustained him, needed no second, and bowing, left the apartment.

My feelings during the next half-hour I need not describe. The most violent emotions filled my soul. I prayed that my hand might speed a fatal bullet, even though I received one in return, that justice at least might be vindicated. I was angry with my enemy, who had carried his plottings to the very verge of my destruction. What had I done to be thus cast off? I could think of no punishment sufficiently severe for the man who had outraged my honour, destroyed my happiness, and wronged an innocent woman—one dearer to me than life itself. I sat silently and alone; and the thoughts of the past days and weeks rushed through my brain in wild confusion. I thought of Maria at that moment, incapable either of assistance or comfort. And then my mind went back, as the mind will at such times to the past happy hours of sunshine and singing birds; hours of merry ramblings through the dim

forests and green meadows with her by my side, and the calm hours of social bliss, when the twilight deepened and made the roses smell sweeter; and then I thought of the future I had hoped for, and the simple, unalloyed pleasure of making her happy, and reflected how my hopes had been blasted, the cup of joy cruelly dashed from my lips, and my heart seemed to grow full, to cease to throb, to grow dull like lead. I looked at my watch; it wanted just five minutes of the time. I put on my hat, and walked slowly forth along the river's bank. Arrived at the appointed spot, I waited for the arrival of Signor Alberto and Don Carlos. With scarcely a word of salutation, the distance was measured. The Signor then handed us each a pistol, with ammunition, and we proceeded carefully to load. I then coolly faced about and took my stand at the post. I had been watching the Spaniard. His countenance exhibited a mixture of all the diabolical passions common to the human breast, but his thin lips were firmly closed, as if they were hoarding a torrent of blasphemy to be poured out upon the dead body of his fallen foe.

The moment he took his stand, the Signor spoke in a voice choked and solemn:

"Gentlemen, we have not here for a purpose of justice and honour. That we have all been friends cannot be denied. This affair is as deeply trying to me as to you, the actors. That one must fall is a certainty, and a necessity, and may heaven punish the guilty!"

Then turning to me, "Have you no message for your friends?"

I replied that one would be found sealed, and on my dressing-table; that nothing farther was necessary.

"We will now draw lots for the first fire," said he.

Then placing his hat inverted upon the ground, he placed underneath it two small pieces of paper—a red and a white one.

"There, gentlemen," said he, "you will step forward, and keeping the hat still inverted draw from under it each a piece of paper. Whoever gets the red is to have the first fire."

We came forward simultaneously, and, reaching beneath the hat, each drew forth a piece of paper; I looked at mine; it was the white, my rival had drawn the red, and was entitled to the first fire.

"I will give the word," said the Signor, as we resumed our positions; "at the third beat of my hand, I will call the word—Fire!"

The Signor had counted "one," and the Spaniard cocked his pistol. I braced back my shoulders, stood firm, and deliberately looked my enemy in the eyes, as with a wicked glance along the sight of his weapon, he aimed directly at my heart. In a second the fatal syllable had fallen from the lips of Signor Alberto—"Fire!" and I saw a black puff of smoke, a blinding flash, and felt the blood spatter from my bosom into my face, as with a wild cry of pain I sprang backwards and fell. I felt the blood gushing from the wound in my breast; felt the heel of my enemy grind into my forehead, heard his fearful curses, and knew no more.

That miracle has happened is a fact undisputed except by atheists. That they happen to men in the common run of life, is somewhat more difficult of credence. But no unbeliever ever had his scepticism more severely shocked than were my senses, when at last I awoke as from a long and fearful dream that had lasted days and weeks; my strength wasted and gone, and hardly breath enough to call aloud.

When I was told my life had been spared by a miracle, I fully believed it. The violence of my fall had stunned and benumbed my body, and stopped the flow of blood from the wound in my breast. I had been taken up, cared for, and the Signor, having been prevailed upon to listen to the pleadings of his sister in my behalf, had come to believe me innocent, and to atone, had lavished anxious attentions upon me in my critical condition. He at length began fully to know the villainous character of the Spaniard, who, from his cowardliness, spared him the opportunity of retaliating upon his baseness, by a sudden and unforewarned departure from the villa.

For several days after rousing from the stupor which had so nearly proved fatal, I lay in a half-conscious state, under the constant supervision of my nurse and a single attendant. But a strong constitution and the best of nursing carried me through, and at length my head grew steady again, and my strength returned, little by little—inches by inches, and I regained once more the use of my limbs and faculties.

As soon as I was able to bear the excitement of visitors in my own room, the good Signor threw himself at my feet, and implored my forgiveness for his misguided judgment, and heaped imprecations upon himself for the part he had played in

the affair of honour that had so nearly proved fatal to me.

Of course I readily reassured him, telling him that even at the time of the unhappy affair, I had entertained only the most kindly feelings towards him, whom I knew to be comparatively innocent of its instigation.

The meeting between Maria and myself I will not attempt to describe. Suffice it to say that after plighting our vows of mutual constancy, I took leave of her, as the season was getting advanced, for a few weeks' sojourn in Vienna. Having accomplished my tour, I sped back to the villa, hoping to be in time to spend a few days with my loved friends, before their departure for Florence, and my return to England.

Arrived at the villa, unannounced, I entered the garden, hoping to surprise Maria in her usual twilight stroll, down our favourite paths. I was not disappointed, for in the distance I saw two figures approaching, which I took to be the Signora Maria and her brother. Hastily approaching to receive an expected welcome, I was astonished to behold in the gentleman by her side no other than Don Carlos—my deadly enemy!

I had hardly time to shelter myself from view behind the shrubbery, when he approached, encircling her waist with his arm. He appeared to be in earnest conversation, and I strained every nerve to hear, involuntarily waiting for further developments, before making my presence known, for I was certain his purposes were villainous.

Maria made an effort to free herself from his odious touch, saying:

"Don Carlos, how dare you thus insult me? You have basely taken this opportunity in the absence of my brother, to force me to a dishonourable act; but he will avenge it, and sooner than fly with you, I will die a thousand deaths!"

"Hush, Maria! Heaven can only tell how long, how madly and how hopelessly I have loved you. You slighted me, and drove me to madness; and when you had utterly cast me off for another, I swore a fearful oath that you should yet be mine. Signora Maria, I am here to keep my word. I have horses and a groom within call, and," continued he, drawing his dagger, while his eye shot forth the gleam of a madman, "unless you come with me, noiselessly and instantly, I will kill you here in this garden!"

I waited not a second. Overcome with rage and horror, I slipped, unperceived, behind him, as he stood with uplifted stiletto, and dealt him a blow which laid him senseless at full length on the garden path. Then seizing the almost fainting form of Maria in my arms, I rushed towards the villa, thanking the good fate which had sent me in such opportune time.

I found Signor Alberto absent from the mansion on business, and sent a servant to pick up the body of the Don, intending to keep him in custody, to await justice. The servant returned, saying he was nowhere to be found. He had evidently recovered his consciousness and fled, as there were hoof-marks on the road leading from the villa towards Paris.

The next day I accompanied Maria to Florence, her native city; was introduced as her lover, and the gallant preserver of her life; spent a few days making the acquaintance of the *élite* of the city; then after due leave-taking, embarked for England, to attend the settlement of my uncle's estate, a large share of which fell to me, and was soon on my way across the ocean again.

I never heard but once of the Spaniard again. He perished by means of a stray bullet in a *mêlée* in a French gaming-house. I often travel on the Continent now, but Maria goes with me; and sometimes we revisit the villa on the Rhine, and live over again a portion of our former lives, in remembrances of the past.

G. H. D.

SALE OF THE LATE PARIS EXHIBITION BUILDING.—The iron portion of the building in the Champs Elysées has been sold to a company of contractors for the sum of 60,000*l.*; it is not yet known what is to be its future destination.

EVERYBODY KNOWS Longfellow's poem, from which "Footprints on the sands of Time" is the most celebrated line. Everybody does not know, however, that with Longfellow the thought was not original. Napoleon I., when writing on the subject of the Poor Laws to his Minister of the Interior, said—"It is melancholy to see time passing away without being put to its full value. Surely, in a matter of this kind, we should endeavour to do something, that we may say that we have lived, that we have not lived in vain, that we may leave some impress of ourselves on the sands of Time."

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—"There is nothing—no, nothing—beautiful and good, that dies and is forgotten. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those

who loved it, and play its part, though its body be burned to ashes or drowned in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the hosts of heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those who loved it here. Dead! Oh, if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful would even death appear! for how much charity, mercy and purified affection would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves!"

THE WITCH FINDER.

CHAPTER XV.

THE room opposite Miss Stoughton's, at the other end of the house, was given up entirely to the judge's use. It was the scene of his studies and consultations, the place in which he passed the greater portion of his time, when not upon his judicial bench, and was even his sleeping-room. The apartment was richly furnished for that age and community, the floor carpeted, the walls ornamented with paintings, the tables covered with legal papers and documents; and at one side of the fireplace, in a bookcase, was a rare collection of books.

"Come in, Mr. Mather, to my own room," said the judge, leading the way, when the two men reached the house, after their visit to the dwelling of the Waybrooks. "We can talk there with entire freedom."

"And what a fright," exclaimed Mather. "I was never more shocked in my life! Verily, the powers of darkness are in full operation around us. The peril of the colony has never been greater than at this moment!"

"It would seem not," assented Stoughton, with the air of a man struggling with a horrible incubus. "I can only bow my head to the logic of facts. The powers of perdition appear to have been let loose upon us. What can we think or say with regard to that bear?"

"In the first place," answered Mather, "we must say that it was not a real bear, but a device of Satan or the arch-demon himself. The Scripture tells us that he can change himself at will into an angel of light, and if into an angel, why not into a serpent, or a bear, or any other animal?"

It would certainly be easier for him to become the lesser than the greater, the bear than the angel—and we may accordingly conclude, if we please, that we have just seen the Evil One himself under the assumed and temporary form of a bear.

"It is a very serious subject," rejoined the judge, "and we may as well abandon all attempts to read its secrets. I will speak to Temperance," he added, arising, "and have her come here, to tell us of the affliction which has come upon her!"

He excused himself, and went in quest of his niece to her end of the house, but soon came back disappointed.

"It is strange where she is," he declared. "She is not in the house, I am sure. To be frank with you, Mr. Mather, she is absent a great deal lately, especially in the evening, and has even been absent all night on numerous occasions! She is no longer girlish in her habits and occupations, and I may even say that her character, during the last few months, has completely changed. She no longer associates with young ladies of her own age, and it has been a long time since she brought one of them home with her. She seems to stand aloof from them—to have formed other ties, to be absorbed in other ideas, to have become secret and reserved."

"She spoke falsely to me without any necessity whatever," persisted Stoughton, with an excitement which attested how much he had been annoyed and humiliated by her conduct. "She is no longer the girl she was three years ago, and I do not any longer pretend to believe what she tells me, unless her word is corroborated by some knowledge of my own, or by some other evidence! Between you and me, Temperance has lately had several mysterious interviews with Boardbush, and I can see that the influence of that man upon her has been most unfortunate. I have too often given you my opinion of Boardbush for me to need to repeat it. What was he before the commencement of these troubles? A mere vagabond in the community, a person who had scarcely ever seen the interior of a respectable dwelling!"

"I am aware," replied Mather, "that Boardbush brings no credit to our cause, but we cannot ignore his services, or get along without him. He has certainly done more than any other man in the community to unearth the witches, and for that reason we must continue to speak gently of his failings, or rather make no mention whatever of them."

"Be that as it may," rejoined the judge. "I have no respect for the man, and no faith whatever in him. You never can make me believe that he has no thought of anything but the public good in all

he is doing. If he be so disinterested as he pretends, how does it happen that he has made all his money since the beginning of the witchcraft excitement? His house on the Handle must have cost a large sum, and he is continually adding to his real estate and other possessions."

"Well, nothing is simpler," was the answer of Mather, "for a great deal of money has been given to him for his services, his protection, his zealous efforts to save the innocent and to punish the guilty."

"Well, we will not attempt to reconcile our conflicting views of that man," remarked the judge, with an evident faith in his own opinions which nothing could shake. "All I wished to say was, that the conduct of Temperance has been ten times worse than ever since she has been in consultation with Boardbush. She acts like a girl bewitched!"

"Exactly, my dear judge," rejoined Mather, recovering his equanimity, which the doubts and insinuations of Stoughton had disturbed. "You have hit the right nail on the head. Your only error is in ascribing this unfortunate change to Boardbush, and not to the witches. I am satisfied that you ought to have paid more attention to the complaints Temperance has made to you with regard to her torments and tormentors. It does not follow, because you have found her untruthful on one or two occasions, when only trifling interests were at stake, that you must disbelieve her in the present grave conjuncture, when her very life may be hanging in the balance. For my part, after what I have seen and heard, I am ready to believe what she has told you respecting Mistress Waybrook and her daughter."

The judge uttered an exclamation half scorn and half vexation.

"That was your cry six months ago," said he, with a savage despair, "and where has it brought us? What has been the use of all these investigations, these trials, these hangings? We are not a whit wiser to-day than we were when your first old woman was sent to the gallows. It is talk, talk, and pray, pray; but not a sign of remedy for this horrible state of things has been discovered. And what a condition we are in!—our gaols filled to overflowing; the gibbet always in readiness; business at a standstill; horror and desolation in half of our homes, and fear and abhorrence in the remainder! It is enough to drive me distracted!"

"Well, who is to blame?" demanded Mather, moving uneasily under the words and glances of his companion. "Evidently the fault is not with us, but with the powers of darkness warring upon us. Is not every life a battle, from the cradle to the grave? Shall we not fight manfully in the war that has been imposed upon us? 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live,' such is the stern and direct law which has been laid down for our guidance, and I, for one, will never seek to find a better one; so long as witches continue to appear among us, so long must they be punished!"

"You think, then, that Mistress Waybrook and her daughter should be arrested and punished, on the testimony of Temperance?"

"Most assuredly. We have put our hands to the plough and cannot look back. It is a necessity of our situation to be firm in the work we have undertaken."

At this juncture the rear door of the house was hastily opened, and a light footstep resounded in the kitchen.

"Ah! there is Temperance at last," exclaimed the judge, springing to his feet and hurrying to the door of his apartment, light in hand. "Yes, it is Temperance!"

He hastened into the kitchen, holding his light above his head, but recoiled abruptly at the sight of his niece, startled and alarmed.

"Merciful heavens!" he ejaculated. "What is the matter?"

There was ample cause for this question.

The girl was panting and weary, her face wet with the snow-flakes which had driven upon it and melted, and so strangely pale, so expressive of mental convulsions, that it was enough to startle and pain an observer. Her eyes gleamed with an extraordinary brightness, and moved as restlessly as those of a fawn at bay in the midst of a host of its enemies. She had the appearance of having been wandering in the snow, her head bare, her hair more or less disheveled, her garments hanging wet about her.

Where had she been? What had she done with Philip? What purpose now possessed her?

"You have been anxious about me, then?" she demanded, by way of answering her uncle's question, as she bent a quick, keen glance upon him, to note the mood in which she found him.

"Well, yes," he replied, "and not without reason, it seems, for you appear strange, unlike yourself, terribly troubled. Where have you been? What has happened to you? Come into my room, and tell us why you are so excited."

"Us, uncle?" said Temperance, remaining motionless, and glancing towards her own apartment, as if ready to seek refuge therein.

"Yes, Mr. Mather and myself," exclaimed the judge, as he turned to lead the way to his companion. "Come in. I invited our friend to come home with me to hear the account of your late experiences, and to consult with me with regard to the action to be taken in the matter."

A sudden flash of joy illumined the face of Miss Stoughton, as she followed her uncle into the presence of Mather, who arose and advanced to greet her.

"Yes, my dear child," said he, taking her hand, "we were just speaking of you, and wishing for your arrival, for I am anxious to hear from your own lips the nature of your recent afflictions."

"You have heard, then—"

"Yes, your uncle told me, wishing a friend to advise and sympathize with him."

It was all Temperance could do to conceal her wicked joy at the career thus opened to her projects; but she had long had herself under training; the necessity was imperative, and she succeeded in veiling her eyes, in calling a hypocritical expression to her face, and in dissembling the wicked delight that thrilled her.

"The door, the door!" she murmured, waving her hand towards the back entrance. "You had better fasten it securely."

The judge hastened to obey the suggestion, which was made with a sort of vague terror.

"Let me help you to a chair, my dear Miss Stoughton," observed Mather, suiting the action to the word. "You are evidently suffering."

"Yes, yes," she answered, sinking heavily into the chair he had placed for her. "And it is no wonder! Such scenes as I have witnessed! such tortures as I have endured!"

"I understand you," he said, in a tone full of sympathy. "The witches?"

"Yes, the witches! They have been here again, and dragged me forth into the tempest, up and down the coast, through the air, high and low, and almost worried the breath out of my body. Oh, it was terrible!"

"Poor child! I feel for you. You know that in me you have a sure friend. Speak freely!"

"I will, as soon as I can recover my strength and breath to do so. I want my uncle to hear me."

"One word, child. The witches of to-night were your usual tormentors?"

"The same."

"Mistress Waybrook and her daughter?"

"Yes. They have not been arrested. No notice has been taken of my former complaints of them, and they think that they can do as they please with me."

"Poor child!" again exclaimed Mather. "Their wicked career shall soon be ended. I can conceive how terribly they have caused you to suffer. How wet and cold you are! Shall I not remove your cloak for you?"

"If you please," was the answer, in a faint whisper, "for my hands are powerless, my strength all exhausted."

He availed himself of the permission to remove the wet cloak, but had no sooner done so than, glancing at the girl's form, he recoiled with an exclamation of horror.

"Oh, pity and do not blame me!" she murmured. "I could not help it."

"What's the matter?" inquired the judge, returning from the kitchen, where he had made all things secure against intrusion.

The girl's head fell heavily against the back of her chair, as if her senses were leaving her.

"The poor thing!" exclaimed Mather, sustaining her, as he burst into tears. "See what the demons have done to her! Her dress is torn and disordered—her neck is covered with blood!"

CHAPTER XVI.

A FEW words will explain what had happened.

When Temperance, with Philip in her power, found herself clear of the judge's house, her joy and exultation were unbounded. She had feared that the judge would return from the bridge meeting in time to interfere with her projects concerning Philip, and it was an immense relief and gratification for her to thus find herself at liberty to carry them out.

These projects were as singularly bold as wicked.

From the moment when Philip lay senseless at her feet on the beach where the perils of the ocean had cast him, she had resolved to retain his fate henceforth in her hands in defiance of everything that could oppose her, and this purpose was visible in the quick, masculine strides with which she hurried through the streets of Salem, dragging him upon a hand-sledge behind her.

Where was she going? What did she intend to do with the object of her fierce passion?

It was evident that these points had been considered and settled, for there was no hesitation in her course, no indecision whatever in her conduct.

Clearly she meant to hide him in a secure place, and keep his return a secret.

"I have him now, after all these years of waiting," she muttered, with a glow of almost savage feeling upon her cheeks. "Woe to anyone that seeks to come between us! 'Twere better to come between a tigress and her prey!"

As these sinister words fell upon his hearing the young navigator saw that she had drawn a naked dagger from her pocket, and was carrying the weapon in her right hand ready for instant use. The sight was a revelation, of course, of her present resolutions and of the moral ruin which had been wrought in her nature since he had last seen her.

At their starting it had seemed to him pleasant to pretend to be asleep; but he now began to ask himself if he had not been foolish and imprudent.

Was he not likely to get into some positive danger or trouble? Would not the strength of the scheming woman prove superior to his own, in case a personal struggle should arise between them?

He had been too weak, too utterly helpless, to think of flight, or of employing force against her at the time when he perceived that she was trying to drug him, and he was still too exhausted to think of taking any such measures, more especially after the exhibition she had just made of her desperate resolution to retain him in her keeping.

In addition to these stern facts, we must remark that a sense of duty had prompted him to the course he had taken, for it had seemed to him a desirable thing, and it was such, for him to thus seek to penetrate her secrets, and obtain the explanation of the strange words she had uttered, as also of her strange notions.

Lastly, he had been influenced by a feeling of curiosity as natural as it was strong, and altogether he had taken the best course open to him. His strength having been exhausted before he came into her hands, it was evident that stratagem had been from the first, as it still remained, the only security at his disposal. If danger was before him, it was because it was unavoidable—because it was a legitimate consequence of his misfortunes.

Having calmed and strengthened his soul by these reflections, Philip continued to look around him, wondering what were the intentions of his companion, but perceiving clearly enough that she had decided what to do with him.

For a moment, as he perceived the gleam of a lantern in the distance, he conceived a hope of meeting some one, or of passing near enough to some house, to warrant him in making an effort to escape, but this hope vanished with the gleam by which it had been occasioned.

Thus they proceeded, Philip maintaining his pretence of being asleep.

The streets were deserted, the occasional houses passed by the couple all silent, and the course taken by Temperance was towards the south-eastern shore of the Neck, where the loneliness and solitude of the scene around her increased every moment.

In a few minutes—an age, as it seemed to Philip, owing to the discomforts he experienced, thus extended on a hand-sledge, insufficiently clad, and with the snow beating upon him—in a few minutes the judge's niece halted before a small cabin which stood by itself on one of the loneliest sites the whole Neck of Salem afforded.

A faint light gleamed from this cabin, showing that it was inhabited, and the sound of a movement speedily came from within the dwelling, attesting that the arrival and halt of Miss Stoughton had produced a sensation therein.

In an instant Temperance was at the door, giving a number of peculiar taps upon it.

The door was promptly and fully opened, and the figure of a coarse and burly-looking woman appeared in the doorway.

"It is I," said Temperance to this woman. "Come and help me. I have brought Philip on the sledge. He is unconscious!"

"All right, my young lady," was the response to Miss Stoughton's communication. "Shall I bring him in?"

"As soon as possible. Take hold of his feet, while I raise his head—"

"Don't trouble yourself, Miss Temperance," interrupted the woman. "I can carry him as easily as you can lift a baby!"

She suited the action to the word, raising her hero in her brawny arms, and carrying him into the principal room of her dwelling.

"Thanks, Lettis," said Temperance, drawing the

sledge into the house and closing the door securely.

"You are all alone to-night?"

"Yes, my young lady, entirely."

"Lettis, eh?" thought Philip, as the woman laid him upon a low, dingy-looking bed in one corner of the room. "I remember her now!"

The occupant of the little cabin was the servant who had, for many years, done the chief portion of the house-work at the judge's.

She was a large, raw-boned specimen of her sex, angular in mind and body, possessed of a fair degree of intelligence, with a natural instinct of duplicity and cunning, possessed with a profound admiration for the judge's niece, and bearing her a strong, although interested, attachment.

"Sure enough," said she, as she held her light near Philip's pale and thin countenance, "tis he, but where did he come from? Why has he lost his senses?"

"He has been wrecked," answered Temperance; "cast ashore from his boat—and no one knows what else has happened. I found him on the landing, and took him to the room, where Corporal Trueaxe gave him every care and attention—"

"But what can we do for him now?" interrupted Lettis, hovering over him.

"Oh, nothing, except to pull off his boots, and tuck him up snugly in the bed. He is not in a faint at this moment—he is drugged!"

Lettis echoed the word, but in a way which showed that she was not greatly astonished, and Temperance added:

"Yes, I was obliged to give him a drug, for he had recovered his senses and was about to go home. I was afraid my uncle would return in time to give me trouble, but he didn't."

"And how long will he sleep in this manner?" asked the woman.

"Until this time to-morrow, as likely as not. You know as well as I do. I gave him a large dose of the very thing you recommended for this purpose!"

The woman appeared pleased at this situation of affairs, and busied herself for a moment in drawing off Philip's boots, and in placing him properly in her bed, covering him with a blanket.

"Shall I not remove his coat and waistcoat?" she suddenly demanded.

"Perhaps you had better."

The suggestion was at once executed.

"Very good," murmured Temperance; "and you may put them into the fire, with the boots, and burn them. To prevent accidents, it is as well that he should have no clothes in which to take his departure."

The old servant assented to this view of the matter, and hastened to put the boots and clothes upon the fire.

"The fact is, Lettis," said Temperance, sinking into a chair, "I do not mean that he shall leave your house in a month. No one has seen me bring him here, and I can do as I please with him."

"The deuce you can!" thought Philip, with a sort of internal smile, yet wondering more and more at the mysteries of his situation. "This is becoming at once atrocious and amusing!"

"How luckily it has all happened!" exclaimed Lettis, with a flush of genuine delight, as she seated herself beside her young mistress. "You thought that you would in some way get hold of him, but you did not expect he would be thrust into your hands in this manner, nor so soon, when we were talking about him this morning."

"True, Lettis, I have been very unexpectedly favoured, and we must take care not to lose him. No one knows of his arrival except Trueaxe, and he has promised not to say a word about it until I give him permission. The only man who came home with him was Mr. Waybrook, the trader, and he was drowned in attempting to come ashore over the ice. You see, therefore, that everything is as it should be. He is as weak as a child two years old, and it will be easy for us to retain him in safe keeping."

"Yes, easy enough," declared Lettis, as she arose and advanced to the bed. "I will undertake to guard him, while I nurse him as tenderly as a mother. You know what my strength is, my young lady," and she extended her immense arms complacently. "For a whole week to come he will be no more than a baby in my hands."

"A pleasant prospect, truly," thought Philip, as he glanced stealthily at the two women.

"I know that you will guard him well," said Temperance, also arising and approaching the bed. "You know how much I think of him and how firmly I am resolved that Hester Waybrook shall never have him."

"I believe we fully understand each other on all those points," said the woman, quietly. "Heaven knows that we have talked enough about them. As you see," and she waved her hand around her, "I

have put everything in order, since you told me that you might have occasion to bring Miss Waybrook here—when you thought of inviting her to tea and drugging her—and I can make him perfectly comfortable."

"This is as it should be," answered Temperance, in the same tone of approbation she had before used. "I wish him to be tenderly cared for, at the same time that he is strongly guarded. He has suffered cruelly at sea, and must have every care that love can give him."

"No wonder you love him, my young lady," observed Lettis. "How handsome he is! A little thin and pale, to be sure, but all the more interesting."

"Oh, I love him! I love him!" exclaimed Temperance, with a gust of burning passion playing upon every feature. "From the minute I saw him so helpless on the beach, my blood has been on fire! I would have sooner killed him and myself than allow anyone to take him from me. At last I have him safe, and death alone can separate us!"

"He loved you once?" suggested Lettis; "that is, he used to call upon you?"

"Yes, he loved me, and he would never have ceased to do so, if that wicked and shameful creature had not put a spell upon him. She bewitched him!"

"You think so?"

"I know it. She enticed him away from me, and changed his love to hate, or at least put such a spell upon him that he regards me with no other feelings than those of disgust and contempt. But I will change all this," she added, with a wicked gleam in her eyes, "before I have done with her!"

"You have already accused her, my young lady, but your uncle—"

"Well, everything will soon be as it should be," interrupted Temperance, with a cold and stony look of resolution upon her features. "Now that Philip is in my hands the rest will be easy."

"You will have Miss Waybrook arrested?"

"Certainly; and before this time to-morrow, as well as her mother. I shall manage my accusation next time so that there will be no mistake about it. That girl shall be hanged as a witch, as sure as I'm living!"

This final declaration gave a finishing thrill of mingled horror and wonder to the emotions which, during a few moments, had been darting through the soul of the listener.

The reader will remember that Philip knew nothing of the tragic events which had taken place in Salem since his departure, and it is easy to comprehend what a succession of shocks these fearful allusions to his betrothed gave him.

"It is true that Boardbush loves her," pursued Miss Stoughton, "and equally clear that he does not desire to harm her, but he can be brought to the work when he sees that she will never marry him. He was in hopes that her danger would make her consent, and she may have done so, but I have my doubts of it."

A keen agony began to be felt by Philip, under these horrible declarations, and a painful comprehension of his situation forced itself upon him.

"Be all that as it may," resumed Temperance, "I am sure that Boardbush will work with me, sooner or later, for at the eleventh hour, if not sooner, Hester Waybrook will give him his final dismissal, and so arouse all the demon in his nature."

"Boardbush?" thought Philip, at this second mention of the Witch Finder's name. "Who is Boardbush?"

He remembered, after some effort, an idle and dissolute fellow of that name, who had for years been hanging around the colony, rather than living in it; and immediately the mystery of our hero's situation deepened immediately, for what possible connection could there be between such a vagabond as the Boardbush in question—the only one ever seen in Salem—and the niece of the haughty Judge Stoughton?

Startled and wondering, almost breathless with the exciting interest of the scene in which he was figuring so strangely, Philip lay motionless under the gaze of his admirer, his mind a prey to a thousand curious sensations.

"He sleeps like one dead," murmured Temperance, again pressing her lips passionately to Philip's in a shower of kisses. "He is sure not to wake up until noon to-morrow, and in this time I must take all the measures necessary to his safe keeping. I must assure myself that Hester Waybrook is in prison, and even make another and stronger accusation against her, if there be occasion for it."

It was well that the form of the scheming woman was between the light and Philip's features, or the convulsions which had suddenly appeared upon her, at that allusion to Hester, would have betrayed how terribly he was conscious of the words she had uttered.

"I must leave him, my darling! my life!" pursued Miss Stoughton, with the softness of a tiger's caresses underlying all her other tigerish qualities, as she again covered his face with kisses. "I must leave him to your care for the present, Letitia, for I wish to cause Hester's arrest before he recovers his senses."

"I will take good care of him," responded Letitia, "and watch him every minute until you return. Must you go immediately?"

"Yes. My uncle said something to me to-night about bringing Mr. Mather home with him, to make an investigation of my case, and I must be there instantly to meet them. This matter is of the utmost importance."

"True, I can see that, and I am sure that you will make your accusation as strong as possible. As I suggested, you had better prick yourself with pins, to give force to your assertions."

"I shall do so," declared Temperance, imprinting a final kiss upon Philip's lips, and then arising to her feet. "Let us now give all our thought and care to this matter. You know that you share all my secrets, and that I look to you for all my advice and assistance."

There were several reasons for this confidence, among which we may mention the thorough devotion of the woman to Temperance, and the fact that she was too intelligent to be imposed upon, and also shrewd enough to be a competent adviser.

"Let me have a few of your biggest pins," added Miss Stoughton, "and I'll see what I can do with them."

She seated herself before the fire, uncovering her neck and shoulders, while Letitia brought her a number of large pins—such as were in use in those days—and said:

"It may be painful, but you will not be weak, or silly. There's nothing to be had in this world, unless you are ready to smart for it."

Temperance did not reply, but compressed her lips tightly, selected one of the pins, and commenced thrusting it deliberately into her snow-white flesh.

"See, Letitia," said she, with a grim smile, when she had buried the pin in her bosom, without uttering a single exclamation of pain, or exhibiting an instant's hesitation. "The task is not so difficult, after all."

She withdrew the pin as deliberately as she had inserted it, and a few drops of blood commenced trickling from the wound.

"It is thus only that you will make your uncle and Mr. Mather believe in the reality of your torments," observed Letitia. "You must do the thing thoroughly, to make your words effective."

"Yes, I intend to do so!" said Temperance, pricking herself a second time. "I must make my appearance horrible—terrible!"

She continued to thrust the pin into her flesh, and withdrew it, till she had made scores of wounds; while Letitia regarded her fixedly and in silence, appearing to be fascinated by the fearful spectacle her young mistress presented.

"That will do," the woman finally murmured, in a voice in which horror and satisfaction were signally apparent. "When you tell your uncle and Mr. Mather that these things have been done by Mistress Waybrook and her daughter, your words will be heeded."

The emotions with which Philip listened to this conversation, and noted the proceedings of Temperance, can be but faintly imagined. At times he feared that he must have lost his senses entirely, owing to his sufferings at sea, and that he was the victim of some monstrous delusion.

"Is this enough!" asked Miss Stoughton, suspending her operations at the suggestion of her servant.

"Quite—quite! You look terrible!" answered Letitia, with half-averted face, as she drew the dress of Temperance around the bleeding neck and shoulders. "There is only one thing more to be done, and that is to roll yourself in the snow, to plunge into the sea, even, and so present the appearance of having been dragged about by the witches!"

"I will see to that," answered Temperance, with the energy of a firm resolution. "This last thing can be attended to while I am on the way to uncle's. You will keep your eyes upon Philip every minute during my absence. I will return as soon as I can dispose of my uncle and Mr. Mather."

And these were the circumstances under which the judge's niece had presented herself so strangely to her uncle and Cotton Mather.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN instant of silent horror succeeded to the announcement of the injuries which had been inflicted upon Temperance.

"Heavens! what ails her?" exclaimed the judge, as he supported the heavy head of his niece in his hands, and bent over her solicitously. "Where has she been?"

"The witches have had her!" declared Mather, with the severity demanded by the occasion. "I know already, and before she opens her lips, all that has happened to her, for her case is merely one of a hundred that have been brought before me."

"Then speak in heaven's name," responded the judge, a prey to a terrible agitation, "and tell me the meaning of this mystery. Speak! For it seems that the poor girl herself is incapable of utterance."

In good truth, the excitement of Temperance, the pain she had inflicted upon herself, the cold which had penetrated to her vitals—all her sensations at the moment had left her in a condition bordering upon insensibility.

"Bring some salts, my dear judge," said Mather; "some water, anything! Let us try to put her life out of danger, and we shall see afterwards what wrongs have been inflicted upon her."

The judge hastened to the sitting-room of his niece, but could not find any salts; nothing but a bottle of brandy, which he hastened to administer, externally and internally, and with marked success, for Temperance soon lifted her head unaided, and murmured:

"Thanks, I feel better!"

"And now, my dear judge," said Mather, seating himself beside Temperance, and holding her hand tenderly in his own, "draw up your chair to your writing-desk, and prepare to write down the facts which are about to come to our knowledge. In a general way, of course. We already know what has happened to your niece, but it will be well to put the facts in writing."

The judge seated himself as requested, while Mather smoothed the wet and dishevelled hair of Miss Stoughton, and looked at her in a way that showed how deeply and fully he sympathized with her.

"There, my dear child," said he, soothingly, "you are now with friends who will protect you, and before whom you can speak freely. As you already know, the powers of darkness have no authority over your pastor, and are incapable of harming a hair of my head. For this reason it is proper that I should be your champion, and that I should remind you of the entire safety you possess under my protection."

Temperance bowed her head partly to hide a joyful gleam in her eyes, and partly to encourage her protector with a general assent to his statements.

"And now, my dear child, speak freely to us," pursued the divine. "You have again been visited by the witches!"

"Yes, I have," she answered, as firmly as possible, but without daring to meet the eyes of either of her companions. "They came at nightfall, at the same hour as usual!"

"Mistress Waybrook and her daughter."

"Yes, and with them came several other witches, to the number of ten or a dozen. I did not know them all, but they were of two kinds—persons who are dead, and persons who are still living!"

"Indeed. This is getting serious," rejoined Mather, looking from Temperance to her uncle. "You are writing it down, my dear judge."

The judge assented, at the same time that he arose and approached his niece, placing his fingers upon her wrist.

"Her pulse is very quick," he declared. "Do you suppose that she has a fever? that she is delirious?"

"No, I don't," answered Mather decidedly, as he also felt her pulse. "She is no more delirious than you are. That her pulse is unusually quick after what she has been through, is to be expected, but I will guarantee the truth of every word she utters!"

"Very good," answered Stoughton, returning to his seat. "I wished to proceed with all the caution possible—nothing more. I have written here that she was visited at nightfall by ten or a dozen witches, of two kinds—the dead and the living—with Mistress Waybrook and Hester at the head of the whole number. What next?"

"Can you tell us some of the names of the witches, my child," asked Mather, "in addition to those of the chief offenders?"

"Yes, there was Mistress Rogers for one, Mr. Burroughs for another," answered Temperance, "and among the persons living was Mistress Peabody!"

"Mistress Peabody!" echoed the judge, starting to his feet in astonishment. "Impossible! Mistress Peabody is in prison!"

"That makes no difference," declared Mather, in answer to an inquiring glance from Stoughton. "It is now settled beyond all doubt, that the spectre

of a living parson can make its appearance, where it will, under a compact with Satan, and bars and bolts are, of course, powerless to oppose it. It is quite possible and probable for the spectre of that guilty woman to have appeared outside of the prison!"

At this moment a hurried knock was heard at the front door of the dwelling, and the judge went to see what was wanted.

"A turnkey of the gaol has come to you with a message," said he, returning with a sinister-looking individual. "Here he is!"

"I have come to say, Mr. Mather," said the individual in question, with an awkward bow, "that Mistress Peabody has escaped from prison!"

The coincidence was startling, and the judge and his friend exchanged significant glances in silence.

"Knowing the interest you had in her case," pursued the man, "and learning that you had gone home with the judge, the old man sent me to tell you of her disappearance. She's let herself down with ropes."

With this, the man departed as abruptly as he had come, and Stoughton and Mather resumed their investigations.

"Among these witches, then, was Mistress Peabody," observed the judge, making an entry of the fact. "Anybody else in particular?"

"A number of old Indian women," replied Temperance, with increased animation. "Some three or four, who have visited and tormented me before, within the last week."

"You see that the light begins to pour in upon us," remarked Mather, with evident satisfaction at the aspects of the inquiry. "We will now proceed to remark the place, my child, where the witches paid you this visit. Were you in your sitting-room?"

"Yes."

"With the doors all closed, unfastened, or how?"

"The doors were not locked, but left as usual at that hour, for I had no apprehensions of such a visit, or of any other evil. The witches did not come into the room by the door, however, for I did not hear any of the doors opened."

"How, then?" asked Stoughton.

"Down the chimney, or through the ceiling. I cannot say which!" answered Temperance, with an assurance she had derived from the credulity of her pastor. "All I can say is that I happened to look up, and there they were before me, glaring at me with fierce eyes, and clutching at me with their long fingers! Oh, it was horrible!"

She covered her face with her hands, as if to shut out the fearful picture.

"And they assailed you?" suggested Mather.

"Yes. They all sprang upon me at once, with Hester Waybrook and her mother at their head, and commenced abusing me dreadfully, some pulling my hair, others beating me, and others thrusting pins and needles into me—"

"Yes, yes!" said Mather, as she paused, appearing to be overcome with the recollection of the violence she had suffered at the hands of the witches, "and this brings us to the consideration of these injuries. Can't you procure a little warm water and a sponge, my dear judge, to bathe her neck and shoulders?"

"Doubtless," answered Stoughton, starting in quest of the desired articles; "for Letitia has orders always to put the tea-kettle on the crane before she goes home for the night."

He soon returned, with a basin of water and a sponge, at sight of which, Mather rolled up his sleeves, and advanced to the work.

"Look at these pin-holes!" he exclaimed, "all red, and bleeding! She's fairly riddled with them!"

"I am so all over my body," she faltered, permitting her head to sink forward as if powerless to support it. "The witches all came upon me together, each witch with a handful of pins and needles, and it was in vain that I fought them, and called for assistance."

"A horrible business, truly!" exclaimed Mather, turning his gaze upon the judge. "It is easy to see what agonies the poor child has suffered. We have seen enough to satisfy the law. I hope you are satisfied now, my dear judge, of the reality of Temperance's afflictions?"

"How can I fail to be?" was the answer of the judge, as he sank into a chair. "I never saw such a spectacle as she presented."

"I can say the same," rejoined Mather, seating himself, "although I have seen similar cases. To assail with sharp instruments, and especially with pins and needles, has always been a leading trait of the witches. Those Carver girls were assailed in precisely this manner by the old Indian woman who tormented them, although not so severely. Mistress Waybrook and her daughter must have an especial hatred for Temperance to treat her so cruelly."

The emotions of the judge were too deep and tu-

multaneous for words, and a silence fell between him and his visitor. It was broken in a few minutes by the entrance of Temperance, who had washed and perfumed herself, dressed her hair, changed her clothes, put on a rich dress, and arrayed herself with all the elegance possible.

"I have kept you waiting," said she, in her gentlest tone, and smiling upon the divine, "but I have had quite a task."

"And a great change for the better it has wrought in your appearance," declared Mather, with an answering smile, as he bent a glance of admiration upon her; "you look like a new woman."

"And feel like one," rejoined Temperance, taking a seat between the two men. "I should hardly know from my present feelings that anything had happened."

The secret of her sudden restoration was the decided assistance she had received from the divine, and the joyous triumph she felt at the progress she had made in her projects.

"I am glad to see this marked improvement in your condition," proceeded he, "and we will now go on with the inquiry if you feel able. We have learned how the witches assailed you, and formed a just idea of the nature and extent of the injuries received from them. How long did the assault continue?"

"Ah, I cannot tell," answered Temperance, settling herself contentedly into her chair. "I was too frightened and excited to take note of time, but I should say half an hour. I think I mentioned that Mistress Waybrook and Hester were the chief assailants?"

"You said as much, my child; in truth, that fact was underlined from the beginning, and your uncle and I am curious to know the cause, the occasion of the hatred those wretched women bear you."

"I cannot say certainly," declared the unscrupulous girl, "but I think Hester's hatred is founded on the fact that I won Captain Ross from her. She wanted to marry him, and has been in a rabid condition ever since she learned of his engagement to me."

The puzzled look of the judge deepened, and he uttered a long and weary sigh.

"I think the world must be mad," said he, "and everybody in it. You speak, Temperance, of your engagement to Philip Ross, when common report says that he is engaged to Hester Waybrook?"

"I have heard as much," observed Mather, "and supposed there was no doubt of it."

An ordinary wicked person would have been troubled by these declarations, but Temperance experienced no uneasiness whatever. There was even a smile of pleasant anticipation on her face as she thought how Philip was in the care of Lettis, and replied:

"I neither know nor care what rumour says with regard to the relations of Philip and Hester, but I do know that he is engaged to me, and that I shall marry him if he ever returns to Salem."

The conviction with which she spoke was occasioned by a thought of the poisons she had lately received from Boardbush and others—poisons which would enable her, the necessity arising, to destroy the mind of Philip without doing any injury to his bodily health.

"This being the case, then," commented Mather, "the cause of the hatred of those wretched women is apparent. Go on, and tell us now how the assault ended."

"It ended in the same manner as before," rejoined Temperance. "Just as my senses seemed about to leave me, the witches all flung themselves upon me, raised me in their arms, and hurried away into the air with me."

"Out of the house, you mean?" demanded Stoughton, with the air of a man in a complete maze of wonder.

His niece assented.

"But how did you leave the house? By the door, the chimney, or the windows?"

"I cannot say; but I was carried away just as easily and quickly as if there had been no such thing as a ceiling or wall near me. It is my belief that I did not go through the doorway or a window, but I will not undertake to decide how it all happened. The truth is, I had been tormented till I was nearly unconscious."

"Well, what occurred after the witches took you out of doors?" pursued Mather.

"The witches took me on a journey through the air with them, and plunged with me into the sea, and even into the earth."

"Into the earth?" echoed the judge. "Impossible!" The divine made an authoritative gesture.

"Nothing is simpler than these declarations," he remarked. "It is now perfectly established that the witches can perform all these marvels, and cause their victims to attend them in all their travels.

Proceed, my child, and tell us what else your tormentors did to you."

"I am almost ashamed to tell you," said Temperance, after a pause, "it makes me appear so ridiculous; but it seemed to me that the witches turned me into some kind of an animal, sprang upon my back, and rode me."

"An animal?" exclaimed Mather, with breathless interest and a sharp glance at the judge. "What sort of an animal?—a cat?—a dog?"

"Oh! no! something larger and more monstrous."

"A bear?" shouted Mather, starting to his feet.

"Was it a bear?"

"Yes, yes! a bear! a monstrous bear!" replied Temperance, remembering the animal owned by Philip. "The witches changed me into a bear, and rode till I dropped down exhausted."

The judge uttered an exclamation of horror as he exchanged a startled glance with his visitor, and then he whispered:

"The very thing! We saw it!"

"Yes, and no mistake about it!"

"What did you say?" demanded Temperance, the brief references of the two men to the bear they had seen having been uttered in whispers.

"We were alluding to something that occurred before you came home," said Mather, reservedly. "Proceed, child, and tell us what happened next."

"Why, there's no more to be told. The next thing I knew I found myself rolled over and over in the snow, near the house of the Waybrooks, and everything dark and still around me. The witches had all left me—had all vanished."

Again the two men exchanged a significant glance, startled by the coincidence in various particulars between Miss Stoughton's narration and their own observations, and Mather then said:

"After what we have heard, my dear judge, we can no longer refuse justice to your niece. Mistress Waybrook and her daughter must be arrested."

"I agree with you," replied Stoughton. "Let us sit down together and put the accusation into the proper form for action."

The joy with which Temperance listened to these words can be imagined. At last her projects were working to suit her.

(To be continued.)

SILVERING GLASS FOR TELESCOPES, &c.

LIÉBIG has just published, in the December number of the *Annalen der Chemie*, the results of a long series of experiments of the silvering of glass for optical purposes, and recommends that the liquids employed for this beautiful process, should have the following composition:—Silver solution, one part of fused nitrate of silver to be dissolved in ten parts of distilled water; ammoniacal solution, commercial nitric acid, which contains no chlorine, to be neutralized with ordinary sesquicarbonate of ammonia, and the liquid to be diluted with water till it has the sp. gr. 1.115, thirty-seven parts of acid, of sp. gr. 1.29, require fourteen parts of ammonia salt; this ratio, however, is not absolutely true in all cases, since carbonate of ammonia is a salt of somewhat variable composition, and the point of exact neutralization will have to be carefully determined with litmus paper.

In place of the nitrate sulphate of ammonia may be used by dissolving 242 grammes of the latter salt in water and diluting the solution till it has a volume of 1200 cub. cent., and consequently, a sp. gr. of 1.105 to 1.106. Soda solution: This must be prepared from carbonate which contains no chlorine and has a sp. gr. of 1.05, three volumes of lye of the sp. gr. 1.035—the density of this liquid when first prepared—when evaporated down to two volumes will have the specific gravity required. From these three solutions the silvering liquid (A), is then to be prepared by mixing them in the following proportions:—100 volumes of ammoniacal solution, either the nitrate or sulphate, 140 silver solution, and 750 soda solution, making 990 volumes in all. If sulphate of ammonia be used it must be poured into the silver solution, and the soda be then added in small portions at a time. The mixture becomes turbid, and must be allowed to stand for three days before use, when the clear supernatant fluid is to be drawn off with a syphon. Reducing solution (B): fifty grammes of colourless sugar-candy are to be dissolved in water to a thin syrup, 31 grammes of tartaric acid to be added to it—and the mixture boiled for an hour, after which it is to be diluted till it occupies a volume of 500 cub. cent.

And further, to 2.857 grammes dry tartrate of copper, dissolved in water, soda lye is to be added drop by drop, until the blue powder at first formed is redissolved, and then this mixture is also to be diluted till it occupies a volume of 500 cub. cent. The reducing solution is finally prepared by adding one volume of the sugar solution to one of the copper liquid and diluting them with eight volumes of water,

making altogether ten volumes. When it is desired to coat any glass surface, a mixture is made of fifty volumes of the silvering liquid (A) and ten volumes of the reducing solution (B), diluted with from 250 to 300 volumes of water. The glass objects are to be arranged vertically two and two in the trough, the silvering liquid to be diluted with the water in a separate vessel, after which the reducing solution is to be added to it and the trough filled with the mixture. In winter it is advisable to use warm water, so that the entire mixture shall have a temperature of from 20 deg. to 28 deg. Cent. Glasses for optical purposes should be placed horizontally so that they touch the surface of the liquid. The silver film deposited by this method is transparent and of a blue colour and bright lustre, and adheres with such a degree of firmness that it is not removed by the polishing brush. The process is adapted to the construction of mirrors, the cost of the production of which does not exceed that of the commonest kinds. Analyses showed that with the above-mentioned liquid mirrors with perfect reflecting surface could be made by the expenditure of not more than from three to three and a half grammes of silver to the square metre. Unless copper is used the silvering the glass surface cannot be accomplished, though Liebig can give no explanation of the part which this metal plays in the operation. When the solutions contained no copper he found that the silver deposit was irregular and interspersed with white spots; the addition of a trace of the copper, however, rendered it lustrous and continuous, while the presence of a greater quantity of this metal prevented the formation of any silver film whatever.

Adhesive agencies which have escaped theoretical considerations come into play in this phenomenon. The point is to give the liquid such a composition that its particles shall have less adhesion to the silver than to those of the glass; if the adhesion of the fluid particles be the greater no film is formed on the glass. Liebig states that a firm in the neighbourhood of Nuremberg have for some time past been manufacturing very excellent mirrors on this plan, but there appears to be no ready sale for them. He expects, however, that the prejudice against silvered mirrors will die out in time.

FACETIÆ.

THE most sentimental exercise yet known is said to be a woman's eyes swimming in tears.

"You ought to lay up something for a rainy day," said an anxious father to his prodigal son. "And so I have," replied the youth. "What?" "An umbrella."

An artist has painted a dog so natural that the animal had the hydrophobia during the hot weather. He's the same man that painted a copy of a beer bottle with such skill that the cork flew out just as he was finishing it.

A PIECE OF HIS MIND.

THE other day we overheard a man relating to a party of listeners the manner in which he used up an adversary once upon a time. "You see, we had had warm words before about a horse trade, and I made up my mind that the very next time I saw him I would give him a piece of my mind in a way that he would understand, and if he didn't like it, why, he could do the other thing. So as soon as I saw him across Vine Street yesterday, I says:

"You mean sneak," says I.

"Right to him?"

"N-no, not right to him, exactly, for he wasn't within hearing, but I says it to him to myself—'You mean, contemptible sneak, if I served you as you deserved, I should give you such a dressing out as you wouldn't forget in one while.'"

"He didn't hear this, did he?"

"Course he didn't hear it; I said it in my own mind. Says I, 'Oh, you needn't look at me so; I mean what I say. Just you come over here, you sneaking cheat.'"

"Did he come over when he heard that?"

"How could he hear it, when I said it to myself?"

"Oh, I forgot you said all this to yourself."

"Yes; and I'd said it to him if he had come over. I shook my fist at him and—"

"Did he see you shake your fist at him?"

"Why, no; I reckon not. You see, he had gone into a shop. If he had been man enough to take it up and come over and ask me what I meant by calling him such names, I would have skinned him."

STEADY BOARDERS.—"How many boarders have you, madam?" said a military officer to the keeper of quite a respectable boarding-house. "Why," said

the lady, "I have a number in the city, and several who make short visits from the country." "But how many steady boarders have you?" "Why, out of the ten now in the house, there are not more than three I can call steady."

A PARIS STORY.

OH, the meanness of men and the folly of husbands! Here is a Parisian story to show how poorly a man comes off in any contest with womankind. The other day a Parisian and his wife went to Brussels. The first thought of the lady was naturally to visit all the shops, and especially those renowned for lace. She met with some marvellous bargains as a matter of course, gave a glowing account of them to her husband, and proposed to take a quantity of lace home with her, smuggled under her dress.

The husband, like a husband, resisted. It would be incurring too great a risk, he said, vehemently; the lace would be found and confiscated; he would not consent to the arrangement. The lady agreed that she should, like a good wife, go without the lace. And so the pair started for Paris, monsieur well pleased that he had avoided this new extravagance. At the frontier they were met, as usual, with the demand, "Anything to declare?" They said "No." It was enough, and they were allowed to pass without further trouble.

Now here begins to show itself the folly of men. The lady gave her husband a look, and the husband began to foresee the bitter reproaches of his tender spouse. It was evident that she might have passed the lace without danger. She would certainly take her vengeance for the loss of her coveted prize in a good lecture. To avoid this horror, it became necessary to convince the wife that there really was danger. She must be searched. Monsieur whispers to one of the customs' officers that he imagines that the lady at his side has some lace hidden about her person. She was immediately taken aside, and in a few minutes the officer of customs returned, his face beaming with satisfaction, to inform the gentleman, with a profusion of thanks, that his supposition was well founded.

The lady had at least 10,000 francs' worth of lace hidden among the folds of her dress.

A FRENCH MISER.

The misers of Paris are not all on the stage or in novels. One of them owns a house which he rents out piecemeal, furnished.

Lately a literary man came to him for a floor.

"What is your business?" inquired the landlord.

"A literary man."

"Well, that sort of thing don't make much noise, or shake the foundations. And you are absent all day?"

"On the contrary, I never go out."

"Can't let you have the place then."

"And why not?"

"Because you fellows who stay at home all day wear out the furniture."

ERMINES WITHOUT SILK.—A contemporary, in a leader relative to the new Judge, Mr. Justice Hannen, observes, "He never took silk." We should think not. There is no occasion for anybody to say, "Set a Judge to try shoplifters!"—*Punch*.

NOT A WATER-COLOUR.—"Aqueuscutum" is informed that he is wrong in his supposition that the portrait of Mackintosh, No. 227 in the National Portrait Exhibition, represents the well-known inventor of the Waterproof Overcoat.—*Punch*.

LOOKING FORWARD.

"Pray, don't put too many coals on, Mary! It makes me shiver when I think that in three hundred years we shall have none left!"—*Punch*.

NEAT.—"Your young friend Wigsby should be a good lawyer," said Smith to Robinson; "at least he has a large collection of law books, nobly bound." "Sir," said Robinson, "you appear to think that law is binding." Smith has offered a reward for the meaning.—*Punch*.

CLUB LAW.

Waiter: "Did you ring, sir?"

Member (trying to be calm): "Yes. Will you wake this gentleman, and say I should be obliged if he'd let me have the *Spectator*, if he's not reading it."

[Old Wacklethorpe has been asleep, with the *Paper* firmly clutched, for the last two hours.—*Punch*.

ONE LETTER DIFFERENT.—A new word might be introduced to express the whole art and mystery of Croquet—Croquetry. The objection, perhaps, to this neologism is, that people might confound it with Coquetry, with which reprehensible diversion the game can, of course, have no possible connection.—*Punch*.

"AN EXCELLENT PIECE OF PRINCIPALITY."—Ireland, whose sons are born poets, prettily presented the Princess of Wales with an Irish Dove.

Wales, not to be behind-hand, had prepared as a gift, a Welsh Rabbit, but it was clandestinely devoured by one of the "Bards," who was unfortunately born too late to come under the police arrangement of Edward the First.—*Punch*.

FISHING WITH A HAIR LINE.—The Paris correspondent of a daily contemporary states that the last French novelty is the manufacture of false curls from bark. Wearers of such "follow-me-lads" may perhaps hope to catch the unwary with this new line, but we trust that the bark will seldom lead to a bite.—*Fun*.

HEAD AND SHOULDERS.—The Queen of Saxony disapproves of the latest fashion in *cheneure*, and will not admit ladies to Court, who do not dress their hair decently. Well, we must say we prefer a neat coiffure to the fuzzy unkempt locks which would seem to prove that not only nightcaps but brushes and combs are going out of fashion. But her Majesty of Saxony might extend the edict with advantage. She should not stop short at the heads—in many cases it is not only the hair of ladies who go to Court that requires to be dressed decently.—*Fun*.

A HIT FOR THE FANCY.

Severe Old Party (to lanky Swell): "Going to a *Bal masque*, eh? Well, chalk your head and go as a billiard cue!"

Irritated Swell: "You might go disguised as a gentleman:—no one would know you!"—*Fun*.

It is to be hoped that when the Government takes the telegraphs under their charge, they will not favour us with performances on the *slack wire*.—*Tomahawk*.

Some enthusiastic natives of Abyssinia who found that the British troops paid for what they took, and paid well too (as it was with public money), exclaimed in the rapture of their souls, that these white men would turn the country into a Paradise. It appears that the authorities have done something towards such a pleasing result by stripping some Turkish and Egyptian muleteers, whom they discharged, stark naked, before dismissing them. We suppose this was an attempt to inaugurate a return to the state of primeval innocence.—*Tomahawk*.

ROSES COMING.

DESERT, grieve not thou for ever

That upon thee blooms no bower,

That thy bosom sparkles only

With a solitary flower:

But believe it is a promise

Of a larger, grander store,

When with roses thou canst answer

To the stars that sparkle o'er;

Answer in the fullest measure,

Feeling thou hast perfect part

In the adoration Nature

Kindles to the Central Heart.

Human Soul, nor sorrow over

That the Desert emblem thee

Wait and work, and paradises

Yet must give full brilliancy:

Then thou't also have large measure;

Even nearing seraph-part

With all spiritual roses

Glowing to the Central Heart!

W. R. W.

GEMS.

He who loves his purse alone has set his affections on the best thing about him.

THE GOLDEN FIVE.—"If you your lips would keep from slips, five things observe with care—of whom you speak, to whom you speak, and how, and when, and where."

FRIENDSHIP is more firmly secured by lenity towards failings than by attachment to excellences. One is valued as kindness that cannot be explained, the other exacted as payment of a debt to merit.

THE person who grieves, suffers his passion to grow upon him; he indulges it, he loves it; but this never happens in the case of actual pain, which no man ever willingly endured for any considerable time.

THE mind of the greatest man in the world is not so independent but that he may be subject to being troubled by the least jumble which is made around him—it need not be the noise of a cannon to disturb his thoughts; it need only be the noise of a weather-cock or pulley.

HOW TO PREVENT QUARRELS.—Two things, well considered, would prevent many quarrels;

first, to have it well ascertained whether we are not disputing about terms rather than things; and, secondly, to examine whether that, on which we differ, is worth contending about.

MISCELLANEOUS.

KEEPING the peace in the city of Dublin costs no less than 100,000*l.* per annum.

A MAN advertises a clock for sale, which "keeps time like a tax-gatherer."

A LARGE number of prizes have been offered in connection with the forthcoming Aeronautical Exhibition; among them a prize of 100*l.* by the Duke of Sutherland, for a machine which, not being of the nature of a kite or balloon, shall ascend with a man the height of 120 feet.

SOMETIME ago no fewer than 100 railway waggons left Anstruther and the adjoining stations laden with herrings, chiefly for the London market. The total quantity was nearly 3000 crans, making altogether about 3,000,000 herrings brought from the east coast of Scotland.

THE ceremony of boring the ears of the daughters of the King of Burmah took place recently. The King and the two principal Queens were scarcely able to walk from the weight of their jewels and ornaments. Open house was kept for all comers, and it was estimated that the affair would cost more than ten lacs of rupees.

THE resistless power of frozen water is illustrated in a lecture on heat and cold, delivered by Professor Tyndall before the Royal Institution of Great Britain. Among his experiments, an ordinary bombshell was filled with water, and securely plugged, and then placed in a bucket filled with pounded ice and salt, to freeze it. In about half an hour the bombshell was burst into fragments by freezing of the combined water.

A MODEST BEHAVIOUR.—If you would add lustre to character, study a modest behaviour. To excel in anything valuable is great, but to be above conceit on account of one's accomplishments is greater. Consider, if you have natural gifts, you owe them to the divine bounty. If you have improved your understanding and studied virtue, you have only done your duty, and thus there seems little reason for vanity.

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—A German forester, eighty-two years of age, wishing, as he states, to divulge an important secret before he dies, publishes a receipt which he has used for fifty years for hydrophobia, and which he claims has saved several men and a great number of animals from a horrible death. The bite must be bathed as soon as possible with warm vinegar and water, and when this has dried, a few drops of muriatic acid poured upon the wound will destroy the poison of the saliva and relieve the patient from all present and future danger.

DISCOVERY OF ROMAN REMAINS.—Some interesting discoveries have recently been made at Cissbury, on the Downs, about two miles from Worthing. They consisted of fifteen urns, nearly the whole of which were varied in shape and size; six human bodies, imbedded in the chalk a foot below the surface of the ground, as if the chalk had been merely scooped out for their reception; and a number of flint instruments, coffin nails, two bronze ornaments, (probably ear-rings), two armlets, made of Rhenish coal, and a small silver coin of the reign of Antoninus Pius, who reigned A.D. 161.

THE Seine has not been so thoroughly frozen over since 1846, which was an excessively severe winter, so were 1829, 1820, and the celebrated 1814—of London memory. Farther back, in 1788, the thermometer went down to one degree below zero, and the ice was twelve inches thick on the river. Four years before that, the fall of snow was so great that the streets were entirely blocked up, and at the corner of the Rue du Coq an immense pyramid of snow was made in honour of Louis XVI. In 1768 the cold was so fearful that it cracked the bells in the church steeples.

OIL USED IN SEA FISHING.—The Maltese fishermen make great use of a little oil sprinkled on the surface of the water, to render it smooth when they wish to see the bottom clearly for the purpose of introducing baited hooks into holes and crevices, the haunts of large spotted congers, horrid in appearance, but delightful to the palate when properly stewed. They also haul up, by means of instruments called clamps, large stones from the depth of twenty or thirty feet, for the sake of the shellfish attached to them; and in this case the oil is an immense assistance, for the bottom must be seen pretty clearly in order to fix the clamps properly.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISS BERNARD.—The journal you name is out of print.
IGNORAMUS.—I pronounced as if spelled Pa-ra-gwa. 2. Pronounced Ni-jel.

G. B.—A master is not bound to give up the indentures, unless the apprentice has served the whole of his time.

E. C. B.—Shaving will increase the growth and strength of the hair, but depilatories have the contrary effect.

MISS H.—E.—1. We cannot undertake to reply to correspondents through the Post Office. 2. See the notice at the end of the last column of this page.

G. P. C.—The persons you name are of the highest respectability, at the same time we should advise you to consult a regular medical practitioner.

R. T. L.—To transfer prints from paper to glass, soak the prints in mastic varnish, place them on the glass, and, when dried, rub off the paper with a wet finger.

A. G.—Quarantine means the space of forty days during which a ship suspected of infection is obliged to forbear intercourse or commerce.

CLARA.—The word Exodus means a departure from any place; the second book of Moses is so called, because it describes the journey of the Israelites from Egypt.

AMY.—Those who have resources within themselves, and who can dare to live alone, want friends the least, but at the same time know best how to prize them the most.

JOHN CRUX.—We must decline to give you a recipe of the kind you name; all opiates are dangerous, and should not be used except under the direction of a medical man.

HOTSPUR.—1. "I was there," is most correct. 2. To prevent the hair becoming dark, wash the head occasionally with tepid water, and use no oils nor pomatum.

POETRY.—"Lines," by J. Williams. "What is Love," by H. W.—not being up to our standard, are therefore declined with thanks.

LEWIS.—Strappado was a punishment formerly inflicted upon foreign soldiers, by holding them up with their arms tied behind them, and then suddenly letting them down within a certain distance of the earth.

W. ST. CROIX.—If the husband left property, his widow would have to pay his just debts out of it. On the contrary, if he died in poverty, the widow could not be compelled to pay his debts.

T. GRANT.—A boy must be between the ages of seven and fifteen to be admitted into the City of London School, and the admission is obtainable on the nomination of a member of the corporation; the annual payment is about 9s.

ALICE M. LEONARD.—1. To remove freckles, grate some horse-radish into a little new milk; it will be fit for use in a few hours, then apply with a linen rag. 2. To whiten the hands, see our answer to "Annie and Addie," in No. 262.

JOHNSON.—Never having been employed constantly in a guano store, we cannot answer your question as to the healthiness of the occupation. Much, however, would depend upon the amount of fresh air permitted to enter the building.

TYMATH.—Bayonne is a town in the south of France, where the bayonet was first manufactured; at the latter part of the Peninsular War, in 1814, it was invested by the Duke of Wellington, after he had driven the French across the Pyrenees.

LOUISE.—Sugar gingerbread is composed of the following materials: 1 cup of sugar, two thirds of a cup of sour cream, 2 teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one of saleratus, a little ginger, cinnamon and nutmeg; bake in tins, in sheets an inch thick.

BRADFORD.—A Circle contains 360 degrees, a degree 60 minutes; a minute, 60 seconds; consequently a Semi-circle contains 180 degrees; a Quadrant, 90 degrees; a Sextant 60 degrees; and an Octant 45 degrees; a right angle contains, or is measured by 90 degrees, and two right angles by 180 degrees.

GEORGE.—Dies non is a law phrase, meaning a day on which no law proceedings can take place. Such days are, all Sundays in the year; the Purification, in Hilary term; the Ascension, in Easter term; the festival of St. John the Baptist, in Trinity term, and those of All Saints and All Souls, in Michaelmas term.

C. B.—Hold is a maritime term applied to the whole of that portion of a ship which is comprehended between the floor and the lower deck. It is usually divided into several store-rooms by bulkheads. In ships of war, the hold contains the ballast, provisions, and stores; and in merchantmen, the whole or principal part of their cargo.

CHARLOTTE.—There is great impropriety in making the faults of your children the subject of conversation with other people; nothing can be more unkind and injudicious. If you wish your children to reform and improve, throw a shield

around their character, however foolishly they may have acted. Let them see that you are anxious to keep open the way for their return to propriety and respectability. Many a youth has been hardened and driven to reckless despair by being tauntingly upbraided before strangers with misconduct, which never ought to have been known beyond his own family. On the contrary, many a wanderer has been encouraged to return, by observing, in those most injured by his follies, a readiness cordially to reinstate him in their esteem, and to shield his reputation from the reproaches of others.

STYMER.—The origin of the science of reporting, though obscure, is much more ancient than is generally supposed. For Plutarch writes: "Cicero dispersed about the Senate House several expert writers, whom he had taught to make certain figures, and who did, in little and short strokes, equivalent to words, pen down all he said."

J. SCOTT.—Letter-carriers and rural messengers are prohibited from distributing any letters, newspapers, &c., either before, after, or during their rounds, except such as have passed through a Post Office; neither are they allowed to receive any payment beyond the postage for the delivery or collection of any letter or newspaper; this prohibition, however, does not extend to Christmas-boxes.

MAHIAN.—Albion was the ancient name of Great Britain; its etymology is very uncertain, the Greek *alphe*, "white," the Phœnician *al*, "high," or *alpis*, "high mountain," and the Hebrew *alpa*, "white," have each been said to furnish its origin, from the height of the chalky cliffs on the coasts of the island. The ancients compared the shape of this island to a long buckler, or to the iron of a hatchet.

JOHAN.—Hoy is a small vessel, usually rigged as a sloop, and employed on the sea-coast for the transport of both passengers and goods; the marks of distinction between this vessel and some others of the same size cannot be easily described, for those which are termed hoyes in one place would be called sloops or smacks in another; indeed, even those who navigate these vessels are said to have very vague notions of their distinguishing marks.

THE ROSE AND THE THORN.

You gathered a rose and gave me,
The white bride-robe of May,
That blushed in the golden gloaming
Of the eve of our wedding-day;
For ever and for ever
Hid in my loving breast,
Though all the bloom of the world should fade,
I promised the rose should rest.

Oh! the glad young lives of lovers
In Heaven, where you dwell,
Do they have a sweeter story
Than then we had to tell?
Ah! the whitened rose never faded,
The beautiful rose you gave,
But at full of its bloom the petals dropped
Into an open grave.

And so there is left me only
The thorn of the May-rose sweet,
Still to wear in my bosom
While ever this heart shall beat.
Ah! little you recked who gave it,
The burden of years unborn,
When 'stead of the rose's beauty and bloom,
My bosom should bear its thorn.

M. K. D.

EMERY.—The term Messenger-at-Arms, in Scotland, is an officer employed to execute the writs issued from the superior courts. Each messenger is obliged to find security for the proper performance of his official duties, which require to be executed with great precision, as they are not only amenable to questions regarding the liberty of the subject, but upon the legal accuracy of some of their acts the title to landed property may afterwards depend.

LIVINGSTONE.—The natives of the Sandwich Islands cannot distinguish between the sounds of L and R, and I and K. It seems to arise from a defect in hearing rather than in the organs of speech; they can utter the sound, but cannot distinguish them when uttered by themselves or others. English missionaries adopted the mode of writing with I and R, and the American adopted L and K. This accounts for the diversity of orthography in works on the Polynesian Islands.

CAVENDISH.—The Institution of Military Knights at Windsor, formerly called "Poor Knights," owes its origin to Edward III., and is a provision for a limited number of old officers. These officers consist of a governor and twelve knights, and are composed of officers selected from every grade, from a colonel to a subaltern, chiefly veterans, or those on half-pay. They are allowed three rooms each in Windsor Palace, and two shillings per diem for their sustenance, besides other small allowances.

G. DONNE.—A father never gains the affections of his children by refusing to decide their disputes, or to settle them; but he loses a vast amount of their respect if he evades or shuns the subject; and whatever opinions are expressed before the younger members of the family should be maintained consistently; it will not do to state one thing in theory, and allow children to see it reversed in practice daily and hourly; by such a method one thing is ensured, contempt, and contempt is alike fatal to love, respect, or imitation.

SALVY.—The title of Defender of the Faith was assumed by the kings of England long before the time of Henry VIII. It was used by Richard II. in his proclamation against Wylliffe, in 1382, and in his proclamations when the disturbances broke out, but this title was conferred on Henry VIII. by Leo X. and a conclave of cardinals in 1521. Some of the cardinals wished the word "Roman" to be inserted before "faith." This was, however, rejected by the King, as the earlier sovereigns were simply styled "Defender of the Faith," not the "Roman Faith." The Parliament of England ratified the title in 1548.

P. DUMEST.—The toad does possess a venom capable of killing certain animals and injuring man; but this poison is not, as is generally thought, secreted by the mouth; it is a sort of epidemic cutaneous secretion, which acts powerfully if the skin be abraded at the time of contact. Dugs which bite toads soon give utterance to howls of pain, and on examination it will be found that the palata and tongue are swollen, and a viscous mucus exuded; smaller animals

coming under the influence of the venom undergo a true narcotic poisoning, speedily followed by convulsions and death; the venom exists in a rather large quantity on the toad's back; treated with ether, it dissolves, leaving a residuum; the evaporated solution exhibits oleaginous granules. The residuum contains a toxic power sufficiently strong, even after complete desiccation, to kill a small bird.

AN ISQUIER.—The French Charity, called the "Institution Impériale des Jeunes Aveugles," was founded by Valentin Haüy, in 1784, and was intended to prepare blind boys or girls for some handicraft, art, or profession. In 1791, the school, which had till then been a private one, was transformed into a government establishment. It derives a yearly income of 30,000 francs from its private property. The Government adds to this 146,000 francs, the families of some of the children 6,000 francs, and the remainder is made up by the Departments, Communes, and private benefactors. At present it contains 138 boys and 41 girls.

PETER POTS.—To bronze brass, &c.—To six pounds of muriatic acid add two pounds of oxide of iron, and one pound of yellow arsenic. Mix all well together, and let it stand for two days, frequently shaking it in the mean time, when it is fit for use. Whatever may be the article which requires bronzing, let it be perfectly clean and free from grease; immerse it in the above solution, and let it stand for three hours, or rather till it will turn entirely black; then wash the spirits off, and dry it in sawdust, which has been found the best. After the article is perfectly dry, apply to it some wet black-lead, the same as used for stoves, and then shine it up with some dry black-lead, then brush, and it is ready for lacquering.

A CONSTANT READER (Tonbridge).—Case-hardening.—The place to be case-hardened must be put in an iron box with a mixture of horn or hoof, with salt; bay salt is best. Some use a little vinegar, but it is not necessary, covered with loam, and then the box and contents must be placed in a clear fire until heated thoroughly through to a blood-red heat; after it has soaked in the fire, it is taken from the box and immersed in cold water. Or, heat the place to be case-hardened in a clear fire, sprinkle some prussiate (ferro-cyanate) of potash on the heated surface, let it flow like glass for a little while, then place in the fire for a short time to soak, add a little more potash, and then plunge into cold water.

M. A.—Burgess-roll signifies a list kept in each borough of persons who are entitled to vote for the election of members to Parliament. Each burgess must be a male of full age, not an alien, who has not received parochial relief during the previous twelve months, alms, pension, or any charitable allowance from the trustees of the borough, and who on the last day of August in any year shall have occupied premises within the borough during that year, and the whole of the two preceding years, and, during such occupation, shall also have been an inhabitant householder within the borough, or within seven miles, and during that time have paid all poor's and borough rates, except those payable for the past six calendar months.

G. W., twenty-three, medium height, and good looking Respondent must be respectable.

EVENING STAR, twenty-eight, rather tall, dark hair and eyes Respondent must be between thirty and forty.

Mrs. F., twenty-six, a widow, no children, has a good business, and a comfortable home; a tradesman preferred.

K. K., nineteen, dark hair and eyes, and affectionate. Respondent must be respectable and fond of home.

E. L., twenty-one, light hair, fair, thoroughly domesticated, and has a little money. Respondent must be about twenty-three, and have some money.

ANNE, eighteen, blue eyes, dark hair, good complexion, and affectionate. Respondent must be rather tall, fair, and fond of home; a draper preferred.

BEATRICE ST. CLAIR, sixteen, 5 ft. 1 in., brown eyes, auburn hair, and good tempered. Respondent must be tall, handsome, dark, and about twenty-one.

DELLIAN T., nineteen, tall, dark hair and eyes, and has an income of 300l. Respondent must be a gentleman about her own age, with a little money; a dark man preferred.

BESSY BANKS, forty-five, medium height, good looking, intelligent, domesticated, good tempered, and has some money and a little property. Respondent must be about fifty, in easy circumstances, and fond of home.

BLUSH ROSE, nineteen, medium height, dark hair, pretty, and very domesticated, but has no money. Respondent must be tall, with black hair and eyes, and have an income of 200l.

F. A. UNSWORTH, seventeen, medium height, dark hair, brown eyes, thoroughly domesticated, and will have a little money when of age. Respondent must be tall, dark, and of steady, sober habits.

FLORENCE and ANNIE. "Florence," eighteen, medium height, dark brown hair and eyes, good tempered, and would like to go abroad. Respondent must be tall and handsome, with an income of 500l. "Annie," seventeen, medium height, dark hair and eyes, lively, and domesticated. Respondent must be respectable and affectionate.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

J. W. is responded to by—"Helice," eighteen, medium height, fair, affectionate and fond of home. (Handwriting good and ladylike).

BLIND-ETED MATTER by—"J. A. H.," twenty-three, medium height, fair, good looking, gentlemanly, and a clerk.

KATE HILTON by—"W. T.," twenty-seven, medium height, dark, steady, and sober.

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